THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 42.

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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

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THE EFFECT OF EARL CONYBEARE'S APPEARANCE IN HIS OWN MANSION.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE YOUNG ISRAELITE BANKER.

Having now brought the scenes and incidents of our story up to the morning following the robbery in the Tower, we resume the onward thread of our drama, and enter with Lord Neagle the abode of the Jew, Josaphat, at the door of which we left him.

The residence of this Israelite was outwardly far superior to that of others of his nation, which usually affected, as we have witnessed in the abode of Salathiel, an external meanness, to cover interior magnificence. But Josaphat had a son, Absalom, a young man of such a noble character, and so filial in obedience, that every one said he was misnamed. This young Hebrew had more English than Jewish ideas, and for his sake the exterior of their abode bore some proportion to the wealth of the occupants; for Josaphat was only exceeded in wealth by the more princely Salathiel.

Lord Neagle was admitted to a little outer shop, hung about with second-hand articles, which, from time immemorial, have been as unchangeably the sign of a Jewish money dealer, as the more significant three balls, which, by the way, appertained, in their opinion, only to the lower order of dealers in loans. Thus Salathiel had in front of his gorgeous domicilium an old clothes shop, and so now, at the abode of Josaphat, his rival Dives, the first apartment was a depot of old jewelry and half-worn articles of luxury.

"Where is Josaphat?" asked Lord Neagle of a sharp-eyed, hawk-nosed, black-bearded, vulgar young Jew, who was behind the counter—the man for ordering dealers. He was at the moment chaffering, for the purchase of an old coat, with a wretched-looking man, who had evidently taken it off his back to sell it, for he was in his shirt sleeves.

"I'll giff de von shillink, not von fardink more, ol' mans?" he was saying, with as much energy as if he were bargaining for a velvet robe or a scarf of ermine.

"It is too little. Two shillings, and take it!"

"Not a farding more, ole mans" and he cast the coat back to him with an air of affected indifference, albeit his sidelong glance wishfully and hopefully watched to see if he would not take it; for in a trade the Jew's whole soul and all his energies are entered, though it be but buying an old pair of boots.

"Take it, then, and give me the shilling," said the man, with a sort of desperation.

"Where is Josaphat?" demanded Lord Neagle, in a more authoritative tone.

He was now heard; and the Jew, looking at him, and perceiving his superior address, bowed and said, tossing a shilling to the man, and casting the coat upon a pile of similar merchandise behind him—

"Who vish to see him?"

"Eagle!—say that to him!"

The Jew rung a little bell. A little shriveled up son of Abraham, but dark enough to have been of the race of Ishmael, trotted in, in one hand holding a pair of iron spectacles, and in the other an enormous quill wet with ink.

"A Christian gentleman wants to see Rabbi Josaphat," said the salesman, in Hebrew.

"Who?"

"Ask him."

"Vot ish te pusiness?" he asked, in a shrill voice, and looking at Lord Neagle through the round glasses of his spectacles, which he held up before his eyes, or rather, one gimlet-looking eye (for the right was extinguished, presenting only a filmy white), "you vont to porrow monish on vatch—on ring—on any ting?"

"I wish to do my business with your Rabbi!"

"Doesh he know vot you are?"

"Go and tell him Eagle is here! Be quick—I am in no humor to wait!"

This imperative tone was successful. The little hump-backed old man left the shop, and in a few moments opened another door behind where Lord Neagle stood, to whom he beckoned. He followed him without hesitation, leaving the young Jew pacing up and down in front of his shop, a pastime which he never intermitted from morning till night, save when he could draw into his den a passing customer.

Lord Neagle followed the little dried-up Jew through a long, narrow passage, which led by a door into a large and magnificent court, in the center of which was a fountain, trees, and encircling galleries supported by columns. The court was paved with marble and adorned with arabesques. Although he had, two years before, been in this place, the young noble paused a moment to contemplate a scene, which, presenting a Moorish palace before his eyes so suddenly in the heart of London, seemed like the work of magic—as if the little old Jew had been the magician to create the spectacle, as he threw open the door. A tall, dark man—for he had passed his early youth in Algiers—with a dignified air, and a smile of affability which finely lighted up his thin but handsome features, advanced from a seat where he had been reading by the fountain, and extending his hand, said, with a rich and pleasant-toned voice, in French—

"Welcome, my lord. I have not seen you for a very long time. I feared you had taken offence by my refusal of your application for a loan. Pardon me for speaking French, but I do not speak English well. If it is not too cold out here, sit down, my lord."

Lord Neagle took the seat he pointed out to him by the fountain in the sun-shine, and for a moment there was mutual embarrassment. There was something in the dignity of the Jew's air and manner, that made him hesitate to make known the business he came upon.

"How can I serve you, my lord?"

"Is your son within, Rabbi?"

"Yes; but he is preparing to be present at the ceremony of the Barmizwah to-day."

"What is that?"

"The reception of youths into the ranks of men, when, in person, they take upon themselves the vows and responsibilities of the law and faith of our fathers."

"Who is the youth?"

"Israel, the son of Salathiel, and with him twelve others of the same age; for Jewish lads, at the age of fourteen, publicly take these vows in the synagogue. It answers somewhat to the rite of confirmation in your English system."

"I thought you and Salathiel were rivals, and therefore he refused his daughter Ketura to your son for wife!"

"No. We are rivals in business," answered Josaphat, with a smile; "and know no friendship where our money interests are involved; but when we meet as Israelites, we are brethren!"

"But when I was last here did I not find Absalom in great anger and grief, because Salathiel had refused him his daughter; and if I mistake not, you also were not a little moved!"

"Yes; and this is still a grief to us!"

"And he still loves Ketura?"

"Yes, and seldom smiles for the depth of his disappointment."

"And does she love him?"

"As Rebecca loved Isaac."

"And all that is wanted is her father's consent?"

"No more; for they have had mine for two years. Indeed, the two have loved one another from childhood!"

Lord Neagle was for a moment thoughtful! He still kept back the great errand he came on, though each moment of delay was precious; yet he felt with such a proposition as he was about to make to the dignified Jew, to advance money on the Tower jewels, it behooved him not to be too precipitate, but to "hasten slowly." It was necessary, as it were, "to play his cards." The knowledge which his former dealings with Josaphat gave him of the domestic history of the family, he resolved, with an artfulness characteristic of him, to make use of to pave the way to the immense negotiations he wished to bring about. He knew that if he could unite personal interests and individual considerations with the transaction, he would be likely to effect his object in obtaining the advance. At length, as if deciding upon a plan of action, he said impressively and rising—

"Rabbi, I must say one word to your son."

"I will send for him. But here the air is cold. We will go into this room. He will meet us here."

Clapping his hands together, there appeared a young girl, of ten years, with dark, Arabic eyes, for Moorish she was with her mother, whom Josaphat had brought from Algiers as a slave. She stopped and crossed her hands upon her bosom, and bent her head submissively, as if waiting his will.

He gave her an order in the Arabic tongue, and with a slow obeisance she disappeared. In a few moments Lord Neagle saw a door upon the piazza open, and the young Israelite appear. He waived an apology to the rabbi, and hastened to meet the young man, who at once recognized him, and smiled as he received his hand.

"One word aside with you, Absalom," said the managing English noble, as he passed his arm familiarly through that of the handsome young Jew. Together they walked aside beneath the orange-trees, which grew by the fountain. The young man was shorter and stouter than Lord Neagle, (whose figure was a model for a modern Adonis,) but well formed, and he carried himself with a dignity and ease that redeemed all deficiency of hight. His feet and hands were so small as to be almost feminine; and his long, flowing, jet-black locks swept his shoulders with an elegance and magnificence that the dissolute prince, for whom he was named, might have envied. His face was dark, with a complexion of a tone rich and warm, yet compounded with the mingled hues of the hazel and the cherry. His eyes were large, and splendidly alight with the feeling and passion of his soul, and being slightly almond-shaped, (a singular beauty of the human eye,) had that oriental expression peculiar to all the children of the Chaldean patriarch; while the long, black, crescent-curved eye-lashes fringed them dreamily, and lent to them a liquidness and tenderness indescribable. Without doubt, a handsome Jew of either sex is the handsomest being of the human race. Absalom was in every sense a noble specimen of his nation. His smile not only displayed good humor and frankness, but a superb set of teeth. Two of his olive-brown and elegantly-shaped fingers glittered with diamonds. He wore a dressing-gown, as if in demi-toilet when called.

"Absalom," said Lord Neagle, as he stopped with the young Jew near a young cedar of Lebanon, piously transplanted from the land of the East; "I have recently seen the fair daughter of Salathiel!"

"I envy you! I am forbidden to see her! Where and when, my lord?" asked the Jew, with interest, and speaking English with a thoroughly educated accent.

"At her father's, yesterday evening. She is as beautiful as ever—and I know loves you as ever!"

"So I hope! But it is all vain, my lord, for us to hope."

"I have reason to think otherwise!"

"Do you come to me at her request?" he demanded, his brilliant eyes sparkling with interest.

"That shall be secret," answered Lord Neagle, smiling. "I assure you that I have discovered, it matters not how, that she loves you. Her heart is sealed to all other approaches. You know that I feel an interest in you, Absalom!"

"Once!"

"Yes, and now. Your father has done me many favors before I was of age; and I only left him to seek the aid of Salathiel, because he did not wish to take the securities I offered to him. But I retained no anger, as my presence here to-day shows. I have come to ask your aid?"

"In what way?"

"In inducing your father to advance me a loan of a very large amount."

"If it is for his interest you will not require my interposition."

"But the amount is so large? I need two hundred thousand pounds within one or two hours!"

The young Jew stared with incredulity at the speaker.

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am. I am ready to place at his disposal jewels twice the value as security!"

"This is a very great sum!"

"I consult you and ask your influence with your father, not only because I know you are a partner with him in his private bank, but because I fear he may object to advancing so much."

"Not if the security is good! But I see you do not tell me all that is on your mind!"

"I have not; but I will do so! Rumor has it Salathiel refuses his daughter to you because you have not so much wealth by one-third as she possesses in her own right."

"Our fathers are equally rich!"

"True; but Josaphat's wealth is not your own, while the fair Ketura's is in her own right, inherited from her uncle and her mother. Salathiel, therefore, does not consider you matched because you have no wealth in your own right, and wholly look to your father's riches."

"This is true, very true," answered the young Jew, coloring. "I had suspicions of this before! It was, therefore, that my father took me into copartnership with him!"

"But this does not help your case," said the subtle nobleman; "for if your father hereby divides his wealth with you equally, he makes himself inferior in opulence to Salathiel; and the haughty descendant of David still denies you his daughter, simply on your representation of half your father's wealth."

The young man's face became sad, and he sighed heavily. He pressed his hand to his forehead and said, in a melancholy tone of voice—

"I see that there is no hope for me! I shall lose Ketura unless some miracle confer upon me wealth equal to her own!"

"It must be equal to her own; and yet, to be frank with you, she may then not be given to you."

"What further obstacle interposes?"

"Are you ignorant that Salathiel is an ambitious man? that he is one of the chief originators of the Jews' disability bill, and spares neither influence nor gold to get it through Parliament? He hopes—and his friends are numerous—to be elected himself, should it pass to a law removing the disability of your people, to sit in the House of Commons! And mark you, Absalom, it is not wholly from personal ambition this Prince of David's line seeks to sit among the rulers of the Gentiles to make laws for the Nazarine Church of the realm, but to place his daughter a peer among the proud daughters of England, and marry her to a noble."

Absalom started as if a serpent had glided across his feet, and uttered an emphatic exclamation in the Hebrew tongue, while his face became pale with amazement and anger.

"Your words—can they be true?"

"Yes."

"Salathiel is too good a Jew to give his daughter to an uncircumsized Christian."

"Ambition is greater than all else! As a Jew he gains nothing. Allied with a noble house he has power, rank, social position! See D'Israeli!"

"A renegade!"

"No! but a glory and honor to your people says and thinks Salathiel. He would rather be D'Israeli to-day than himself!"

"And what nobleman has he in view?" asked the lover, with a tremulous voice.

"He who is before you now!"

"You, my lord?" and he moved three paces off.

"Yes. It is in my power to become the husband of the beautiful Jewess who loves only you. But, look not dark upon me! The maiden is a great heiress! My fortunes I need not tell you have suffered, and many a young nobleman in similar pecuniary difficulties would be glad to humor Salathiel's ambition by taking her to wife."

The young Jew groaned, and beat his forehead with rage and grief. For a moment his eyes blazed as they rested upon Lord Neagle, whose face remained calm and immovable.

"But I have come hither as your friend! I have a proposition to make to you. If you secure to me this morning two hundred thousand pounds on the jewels I have named, I will not only resign all thought of the beautiful Ketura, but aid you in obtaining her for your bride, and place in your hands wealth besides equalling her own. It is in my power you perceive to serve you."

"I promise, my lord! I am ready to consent to anything for her. I was to-day expecting to see her at the synagogue—at least at a distance, for only at a distance am I now permitted to see her, so stern is her father in forbidding me his house. There is to be a ceremony of our religion to day, and she will be there with her brother, Israel. You encourage me by assuring me that she still loves me. How shall I aid you with my father?"

"By pressing him to consent—opposing objections, and assuring him that I have power, if he obliges me with the loan, to bring about your union with Ketura; which I know he desires as much, if possible, as you do."

"Yes, my father would make any sacrifice for my happiness."

"That is enough. Let us join him."

The two entered the room where the wealthy man sat looking over his accounts, upon the page of which were the names not only of lords, but of ladies, and even secret borrowers higher in rank. He looked up inquiringly.

"Rabbi, I have come hither to say to you that there has come into my possession a large amount of jewels, which are valued at not less than half a million! I wish you to go with me and see them, and advance me upon them two hundred thousand pounds by noon."

The Jew's eyes brightened like the light of glittering stones as he heard this news. It fell on his ears like the sound of the trumpet to the soldier. He repeated the words twice over, and then asked—

"From the continent?"

"Yes," answered Lord Neagle, after a moment's hesitation at the lie.

"A very large amount! Perhaps some prince wishes to raise money?"

"Yes. I promised a friend—a foreign prince—to negotiate the loan for him. Time is important. Will you go with me?"

"To see the jewels?"

"Yes. I have a carriage near the door."

"Where? How far?"

"In three quarters of an hour we will be there. For certain reasons the place I do not wish you to know. You will consent to be blindfolded?"

"Then I cannot go. This looks suspicious."

"It is not so, father. I am interested that you should go—or let me go!" said Absalom.

"What interest have you?"

Absalom colored, and whispered a few moment, in his ear. After some hesitation he shook his head, and was about to turn away disappointeds when the Rabbi said—

"Be it so! I will go with you, my lord, but I cannot be blindfolded."

"Will you swear, then, by your prophets, and all sacred to you, to keep the secret of the place?"

"Yes; for I need not take the jewels after I see them unless all is right."

The cupidity of the Jew was stronger than the suspicions of the man. And mystery in his trade was not so rare that he should decline an opportunity of making large wealth because there was secrecy and mystery.

In a few minutes the two men, the nobleman and the Jewish lender, were in the carriage which had brought the former up from the chateau at Conybeare-Ford. As they drove rapidly through the streets of London eastward, the cry of the newsmen selling "the Extra," which proclaimed the robbery in the Tower, fell on Lord Neagle's ears. His blood leaped to his brows, and instantly closing both the carriage windows on the plea that the air was chilly, he cast a quick look at the face of the Jew to see if he had heard the cry. But his features betrayed no sign of its having reached his ears. The mind of the nobleman was relieved. The horses were now urged forward, and in half an hour drew up at the entrance of the chateau, where, three hours before, Lord Neagle had left the impatient earl in his study.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JEWEL MERCHANT.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning after the robbery when the Earl of Conybeare, who had been impatiently expecting the return of Lord Neagle, saw the carriage drive up and his lordship alight, accompanied by the Jew, whose person was well known to him. He bit his lip, and a frown checked the expression of satisfaction which the sight of the Israelite caused.

"He is not blindfolded! This is imprudent in Lord Neagle. *I* must mask, then!" As he spoke he placed his kerchief as a visor over his features.

The Jew the next moment entered the library, ushered in by the young nobleman, whose face wore an air of triumph.

"The man can betray us!" said the earl, in an under tone. "He will recognize this house again, if need were."

"He can be trusted! He is on oath; and besides I have so managed as to unite his interest with ours."

"Will he advance the money?"

"He wishes first to see the jewels!"

"There is a secret stairway from my closet to the place within which they are hidden. We need not go out of doors as before."

"So much more favorable. Will you go, my lord, and bring up the jewels, or shall I?"

"I will go for them."

"So much the better. I am afraid of Hinchcliff's ghost; for the man must be dead! Be soon, my lord; for all London is alive with the news!"

"Of the robbery?"

"Yes—it is shouted by news-men everywhere! It is by wonderful chance the Jew had not heard it. And, what is more, your——"

Here Lord Neagle checked himself, recollecting that the earl had sent news to his daughter of his being alive; and how he hoped, with the money he should obtain from the Jew, to pay his debts, and retain his position in society, supposed to be ignorant of his attempted self-murder.

"What is more?"

"Nothing, my lord. Let us not delay. While you go down, I will keep my friend here company."

"Has he the money?"

"Not here; but he can obtain it, if he is satisfied of the value of the jewels."

"Of this there is no fear," said the Earl. "I have seen my messenger. He left my note at my door. I am now relieved about my daughter. I hope in a few hours to embrace her, assuring her of our restored fortune, and promise her never again to cross the accursed threshold of De Fretti's or any other gamng room. Keep the Jew entertained while I am gone."

This conversation was held in the extremity of the apartment, while Josaphat stood near the door awaiting their leisure. Upon his dark, intelligent countenance was an expression not easily translateable; but it was one which as Lord Neagle took a second look thereat he did not like and which troubled him. The eyes of the Israelite were fixed thoughtfully upon the river which flowed past not far off.

"You do not leave London often," said Lord Neagle, as he double-locked the door softly, speaking by way of passing the moments till the Earl should come back laden with the treasure.

"It is ten years since I have been here before!"

"Here?"

"Yes, my lord. Ten years ago I was in this very room."

"You?"

"No other one! The old Earl was then alive!"

Lord Neagle looked blank! He had driven by cross and by-streets so as to bewilder his companion, and believed that he did not know where he was.

"Do you mean the Earl—

"Of Conybeare! It was, however, a business visit like the present. The Earl was contesting a seat for his brother and needed money. I loaned him ten thousand pounds! He paid it before his suicide! I shall be happy to oblige his son, the present Earl, who just left."

This was spoken quietly and in a tone of indifference. Lord Neagle stared and thought to himself that it was very odd.

"Do you know the Earl, then?"

"By the blood-stone signet upon his left hand. It was his father's."

Lord Neagle felt as if there was no need to attempt to blind the Israelite any longer. He now went to the closet to listen, but not hearing the Earl he walked away to the window. Scarcely had he done so when the Earl reappeared pale and with looks of amazement.

"The man's ghost? or what is it, my lord?"

"The man nor ghost are there! He is gone!"

"Escaped and alive?"

"Yes——"

"Pray Heaven he left the treasure!"

"All but a few diamonds! Here are a portion—go and bring up the rest, my lord!"

In his alarm and surprise the Earl forgot that he had dropped his handkerchief from his face; but this was now of no moment.

Lord Neagle ran down and returned with the other box in his arms, which he laid upon the library table where the Earl had just placed what he had brought.

"How the man could have escaped and both doors closed, too!" said the Earl. "He must have had aid from without. Yet no man knows the secret of closing and opening the dungeon and the recess but me. It has fairly unnerved me—it is so unexpected! and so wholly unaccountable."

"Never mind, my lord," said Harry Neagle with a laugh. "He has left us enough treasure for our purposes; and so the poor wretch will only fly the country with what he has taken and never more let us hear of him, I am glad he is gone; better than his death on our hands!"

The Earl made no reply. The doors and windows being now carefully closed and darkened, to exclude all observation, the Earl lighted a pair of candles to illumine the obscure apartment and the better to show the lustre of the precious stones. Lord Neagle now poured them out upon the green cloth which covered the table. Such a cascade of jewels—such a lavish display of diamonds, rubies, saphires, onyx stones, beryls, sardonyx-stones, chrysoprasses, and pearls, had not met the gaze of an Israelite since the days of King Solomon! The eyes of the stately dark-faced jew seemed to flash back their combined splendor. He rubbed his hands, and for a few moments manifested the keenest excitement at the magnificent sight before him. The two noblemen were amazed and filled with admiration, for they had not, since the robbery, yet had any opportunity of examining the spoils of their night's foray into the heart of the Tower.

"A rich prince, my lord! a mighty and opulent prince to possess these! But I ask no names. It is enough that they are pure stones. That they are in the possession of two noblemen of the realm assures me that I am safe in negotiating for them. Keep your prince's name secret. All I ask is—are the stones real? This I will proceed to ascertain."

"What does the Jew mean by a prince? Whom does he speak of?" asked Lord Inglis, in an under tone.

"A *lay-figure* prince, my lord. I have told him a foreign prince, our friend, sent them to us to raise a loan upon, to fit out troops to lend to Spain."

"Eh?" and the earl shrugged his shoulders. The "lie" troubled him as a man of honor more than the robbery had. A lie is a sign of moral depravity, while a robbery is—is—is but an accident of the morals! The world will sooner forgive a robber than a liar! The earl, therefore, shrugged his shoulders.

At length the jewels had one by one passed the ordeal of the Israelite's scrutiny. He often stopped to admire and exclaim, but finally finished his close examination. When he had done so he turned to Lord Neagle.

"My lord, this is a very great treasure! You ask for two hundred thousand pounds?"

"Yes—to-day."

"Select the jewels on which you will pay that," said the earl, who a little while before, recollecting that his face was exposed by the dropping of his kerchief, had every moment since been very nervous, and was inwardly devising ways and means whereby the Jew's knowledge of his person might be rendered futile.

Josaphat occupied ten minutes in putting into a heap full two-thirds of the riches before him.

"For *these* I will advance you the amount you wish: one-half to-day, the other hundred thousand to-morrow, if this will serve you, my lords," and he fixed his keen, bargaining eyes full upon them.

"Yes," said Lord Inglis, turning to Harry Neagle, "if I can have eighty thousand of it to-day."

"Yes, my lord. I will waive the whole to you of the one hundred thousand, and wait for my share till to-morrow."

"You are very good. I am then safe. I shall be able to maintain my position by this favor."

"One of you will accompany me into London," said the Jew, "to receive the money and conclude the agreement."

"I will go," said the earl, quickly.

"And these jewels, rabbi?" asked Lord Neagle, laying his hand upon the glittering pile he had left.

"Do you ask the value?"

"Yes."

"About one hundred and ten thousand pounds."

"This is good news. Would you be ready to advance so much on them?"

"No. I have not the money."

"Can you not give me a bill on a banker in Paris if I leave them with you?"

"I have no correspondent in Paris now. If you are going abroad again you had best take them to Paris with you, and there dispose of them. But I suppose you tried there on coming hither from the Prince—did you name him?—who committed them to you. How much did he hope to receive?"

"At least three hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"When you come to-morrow to obtain the amount I am to pay over to you, I will then tell you what I can do."

"I wish rather you would take them all," said Lord Neagle, uneasily; for the flight of Hinchcliff was pressing upon his thoughts, and he was afraid the man might be tempted to betray all.

The residue of the jewels Lord Inglis and Harry Neagle divided equally between them, with the understanding they were the next day to be placed in the Jew-banker's possession if he should find that it was in his power to purchase them.

It was now noon. The Earl Inglis closed the doors of his library, and calling his old porter to him, he commanded him to have the whole house cleaned and set in order, as he intended the next day to come hither to reside with Lady Isabel for a short time. As they went to the outer door the light of some house in flames at Edmundson attracted for a moment their attention.

Before getting into the carriage with the Israelite, the earl walked round and examined the outer stone door of the dungeon. As he had said it was shut, and the inner one also; and yet he could see no signs of force. It was clear to him that it had been opened by some one who knew the secret, and who knew where Hinchcliff and the jewels were shut up. He wondered they had not taken all the treasure, less than the part which probably belonged to the turnkey being taken by him or those who had rescued him.

Lord Neagle got into the carriage with the earl and the money-lender, and the three were driven to London. The carriage stopped at the head of a street not far from Josaphat's residence. Here Lord Neagle alighted, and said he would be at the Israelite's the next morning for his portion of the money. As he left, the earl whispered, "Be discreet! Come and see me to-morrow night. Try and find the fellow, Hinchcliff, for he is the only black shadow now in our path!"

They parted—the earl accompanying the Jew to his abode, the young nobleman mingling with the crowd of the side-walk, and making his way—whither? He hardly knew himself. He only felt that he had to do something with himself to pass the time until the next day; when, with the money in his possession, he intended to leave England the earliest possible moment he could do so, consistent with a plan which he had secretly entertained ever since this idea of robbing the Tower entered his head, and which he now resolved to carry out if money and boldness could effect it. But we will not anticipate events yet to be developed in the course of our narrative.

He walked on, his heart elate and full of his great success, and of the consciousness of boundless wealth. The mode whereby it was obtained troubled not his thoughts. Success shut his eyes to the great crime by which it had been gained! Suddenly a cry made him start, and his blood ran cold:

"Robbery of the Tower! Crown jewels stolen! Twenty thousand pounds offered for the detection of the robbers! One of them dressed in a blue woolen jacket and glazed hat, as a French sailor. The other——"

Lord Neagle, who still wore the costume of a French sailor, did not wait to hear further, but turned short down an alley which was on his left. He walked swiftly on, looking for some clothing shop where he could purchase an entirely different costume. He soon drew near one, and was darting into it, with the cry of the newsman still in his ears, when a hand touched him roughly on the shoulder.

"Ah, my lord! So you got the jewels, hey?"

"Steenie! Hist, man! Not so loud! Would you hang me?"

"Yes, if I am not righted."

"Step in here, and let me hear you," said Neagle, perceiving the man's ugly looks, and that it would be policy to pacify him. He had already learned from Hinchcliff that he and Steenie had quarreled, and that he had left him behind. The air of revenge he now displayed alarmed Lord Neagle, who felt he might at the Scotchman's pleasure be the next moment surrendered to the police, who that day were particularly active, and might be seen unusually vigilant all over London. But this might have been owing as much to the recent riotous proceedings, hardly yet suppressed, as to the robbery of the Tower.

"Now what have you to say?"

"That I ha' been sham'fully used, my lord! Ye ken ye are in my power. I've seen the papers, and ken aw aboot the business."

"You shall have your share. It is not yet in money. Will you take it in jewels?"

"Yes. I can find a Jew who'll buy 'em, and pay me cash."

"Here, then! Take these five diamonds, this pearl, and this bracelet. They are worth five thousand pounds."

Lord Neagle, while the shopman was looking for a cloak and slouched cap, to disguise his person as a German *emigre*, privately placed these jewels in Steenie's hand. He looked at them as if satisfied, and then said:

"I meant nae evil, my lord. You were not to blame. I'm satisfied, and will keep mum. But, by St. Andrew! if I had not met you, or you had given me the cold shoulder, I would ha'e had you all in prison, and pocketed the twenty thousand pounds reward!"

"Have you seen Hinchcliff?"

"No."

"He has played us false, and escaped without waiting for a division. If you can find him, and place him where I can lay my hand on him, I will give you a thousand pounds."

"If he is in London I'll ken where to find him," answered Steenie. "But where will you be?"

Lord Neagle did not know where he would be, and did not at first reply. But after a omment he said—

"A note left for me at The Sack Inn will get to my hand."

Steenie departed, with his jewels closely buttoned up in his pocket, and Neagle proceeded to purchase, and disguise himself, with the cloak and hat he had selected. Confident in this disguise, he walked forth again into the streets; yet he was by no means free from anxiety. There were two men, Hinchcliff and Steenie, who held the secret which the police were offering twenty thousand pounds to obtain! He felt that London was no safe place either for him or Lord Conybeare.

As he moved along, full of busy thoughts, his steps unconsciously took him into St. James-street, and he found himself in front of Lord Conybeare's mansion. How many events had transpired since he left it in anger after dark the evening before, brewing revenge against Lady Isabel and Sir Villiers Courtney! It was now two o'clock. He looked up at the windows. They were shut, and the house had a closed and unoccupied aspect. The door opened and he saw a constable—he knew him—for the man had arrested him when he was sent a few weeks before to prison! He passed on, assured that the house had passed into the hands of the Earl's creditors, which was true; for no sooner was the news of his suicide hinted abroad, than they at once proceeded to take possession.

"Where could Lady Isabel be?"

There was a fruit-stand near by. He approached and purchased an orange. He knew that fruit-sellers know all that goes on within their horizon.

"So the Earl over there is dead?"

"Yes, poor gentleman! Drounded hisself! He's bought many a orange o' me, and ne'er minded taking back the change! Heaven rest his soul."

"The officers are in possession, I see!"

"Dear yes! you may be sure o' that! It's mighty in debt the poor lord was, I hearn say."

"What has become of his daughter?"

"The poor young lady! She went after the constable came. I seen her go in a cab wid a young tidy woman. Both had bundles."

"Which way did they go?" he demanded quickly.

"That way!" and she pointed eastward down the street. It's a mighty fall for the likes o' her!"

"Would you know the cab?"

"I was so took up wid lookin at the young lady, (but she had her vail down clost), I didn't notict it."

The truth was, the fellow had not seen Isabel at all, as we shall by-and-by learn.

Lord Neagle looked perplexed and annoyed at what he had heard. He stood and bit his lip till the blood sprung from it.

"Gone! Fled! This defeats all! But it must be with this imp Bettie, her *femme de chambre*, she has gone! Evidently she was ignorant that her father was alive, or she would have remained till he came. I have the truth now! She has gone to Conybeare-ford to join him there. This I will ascertain! Till to-morrow my time is my own! I will seek her there! I leave not England without her, if money and boldness will enable me to get her into my power! I have sworn vengeance against Sir Villiers Courtney and this false lady, and on both will I at one blow, be avenged.

He walked on, called a cab and bade the man drive him to the Thames. Here he called a waterman, and seating himself in his boat, ordered him to take him to Conybeare-Ford.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE APPARITION.

We now return to the Earl of Conybeare. The Jewish banker was faithful to his pledge to him, and gave him, after an hour's delay to send Absalom to the bank, one hundred thousand-pound notes.

"Now, my lord, please sign me this receipt for the amount," said Josaphat.

The earl complied cheerfully, his success having put him into high spirits, opening before him a future all bright and happy—happy, so far as happiness can become the handmaiden of a guilty heart.

"Now, my lord, please put your signature to *this* paper."

"What is it?"

"Merely the transfer of the jewels herein described to me."

"Is it necessary?"

"Yes, my lord. I must be able, in disposing of them by-and-by, to show how I came by them. Diamonds have pedigrees as sacredly preserved as those of your blood mares. You got them from this foreign prince, I got them from your lordship, and to the next owner I must sign a transfer."

The earl signed this paper also, and then rose to take his leave.

"This transaction is to be perfectly secret, Rabbi. You are on oath."

"On oath," answered the Jew, emphatically.

The nobleman, when he left the abode of the Israelite, made his way rapidly to the person who held his mortgage. He found him, and succeeded in saving his chateau, leaving not eight minutes' grace between his payment of the money and the moment when the time embraced by the mortgage would have expired. Not a little relieved at thus successfully achieving his object, with thirty thousand pounds in his pocket-book, he proceeded to take up four or five of his protested notes, and at four o'clock he took his way towards St. James-street, with but five thousand pounds in money, but out of debt. And yet, as he went towards his house, he did not feel that lightness of heart which he had anticipated. If his debts and embarrassments had made him so miserable as even to fly to self-destruction, he looked for relief and joy of heart when they no longer weighed upon him. But he felt that there lay upon his heart still a weight that felt like lead. It was the sense of the crime by which he had hoped to render himself happy. He felt that he had removed one load only to receive another, and one heavier still, for it pressed like an incubus upon his very soul, while that of his debts only troubled his mind. Crime done to escape from a sorrow or annoyance may have the effect of removing that trouble, but conscience, a thousand times more troublesome, takes the vacant place.

With all he had done, therefore, Lord Inglis felt that he was more wretched than before. Nevertheless, he approached his house. He tried to buoy up his feelings by picturing to himself the joy he was about to give his daughter, appearing before her alive and with wealth; for he still had in his possession half of the balance of jewels which he had divided with Lord Neagle, worth seventy thousand pounds. He came in front of his mansion. The windows were all closed, but the front door was open, and in it he saw a man in the uniform of a constable. He stopped, and the blood left his cheeks. He drew near quickly, and ascended the steps.

"What are you here for, sirrah?" he demanded.

The man no sooner beheld his face than he uttered a cry of terror, bolted past him, and escaped as if for life into the street, down which he ran some yards before he stopped. "A ghost! His lordship's ghost!" he cried as he ran, and the people began to gather, and inquire in great excitement—

"Whose?—what ghost?"

"His lordship's. He committed felo de say, as they call it, by drownding himself, and there he just went into his own door! I've seen him alive many a time, and know him!"

The rumor that the ghost of Lord Inglis had returned to his house and gone into it, collected an immense crowd about the door, but a wide space was left between it and them.

In the meantime, the earl, understanding at once that some of his former creditors must have sent the officer to take possession, passed through the hall, muttering, "I am free from those myrmidons of law, now and forever. But where is William? Who is at home?" he called aloud. Getting no reply, he hurried, with forebodings of he knew not what evil, into the rear sitting-room. It was empty and in confusion; but he saw two officers of the law seated on his sofas smoking his cigars, and drinking his wine, and a third, whom he knew, taking an inventory. In a voice of anger, he ordered them to depart. The clerk, who, with pen in hand, seated at a little table, was making a record of the contents of the room, no sooner beheld before him the man he supposed in the bottom of the Thames, than he sprung up with a terrified oath, overturned his table, and flew with a speed that rivaled that of the constable. As he ran he cried, "Save yourselves, men! It is Lord Inglis's ghost!" One of the two men did not wait for a second warning cry, but, throwing the bottle at the supposed apparition, he followed the secretary out; but the other, tipsy enough to defy the devil, much less a mere ghost, kept his seat, and said, with amusing hospitality—

"Glad—to—to—see you! Take a glass o' sh—sherry? Aint got no ice, for you'd like it cool after bein' down in that hot place!" Here he turned his thumb over, and pointed it down significantly. "Come, old lord what do you call you! Don't be oncivil, and frown so black. Never believed in ghosts before. Do now. Hope you like down there! Wonder if drownin's easy? Hanging must be an infernal hard choke! Here's your ghostship's good health!"

"Villain!" cried Lord Inglis, advancing to the man, his eyes flashing fire, both from rage and mortification; for he perceived at once by the man's words, confirming the cry of the constable, that his attempted suicide was known. Upon this point he was sensitive, and had believed it was only known to himself and to Lord Neagle, who rescued him. But Eva's message from him to Lady Isabel had been heard, as known, by William the porter and Bettie, and others in the hall, and it is not necessary to inform the reader, therefore, how the news should so rapidly spread. In London it is not necessary a great event should first be learned from the newspaper. If Lord John Russell should fall down dead on the floor of Parliament, in twelve hours afterwards, without the intervention of newspapers, it would be known to every man, woman and child in London. The penny postmen circulating in all parts of the city, and crossing constantly each other's paths, the bakers going from house to house, the milkmen, the butchers, the coal men—one of any of these getting the news, it is passed from him to his next confrere, until, in three or four hours, it has reached the other end of London. The police, too, extending, like a chain, the whole length and breadth of the city, are media by which, told from one to another as they meet on their beats, news flies. Indeed, often all London has the knowledge before the newspaper appears, comfirming and endorsing the rumor, and often from the flying street report the newspapers receive it. In this way did the attempted suicide of the earl go abroad from his own door, by William telling the passing postman, he the next policeman, he his friend, the down-town omnibus driver, he his passengers, among whom was one of the reporters of the London paper which, half an hour after, published the news. The intelligence of the Tower robbery was communicated officially by an express sent from the commander of the Tower to the Chief of Police on the discovery of the deed.

The tipsy constable never winced or moved, as the angry nobleman approached him with his cane.

"Shadows! Man and stick both ghosts! Aint afeard! Hit away, thin air!"

Lord Inglis, enraged by this audacity, dealt the man a blow over the neck with such force that he tumbled from his chair, only to stagger up and crawl out of the room, with as much speed as his confused senses would suffer him to exert, muttering—

"If a ghost hits in this style, I'd rather be knocked down by regular built bone and muscle!"

The house was soon cleared by this process, while the crowd stood wondering around it, their excitement increasing at each fresh exit reporting the deeds of the apparition.

Hereupon a sensible person with an old hat, and elbows taking the air, suggested that because a man resolves to drown himself is no reason why he should be drowned. "There's the Life-Saving Humanity Club," he added; "how many have they fished out o' the river that are now alive, and eat their beef with any man. Now it's my 'pinion that that's the old lord hisself in there. Somebody's got him out, and he didn't drown, after all! It's more belikely that than to be a ghost; for since the Cock Lane appirition, there an't been nary ghost seen in all Lonnon, and that was a sham one!"

If this speech had come from a man in a new hat and sound coat, it might have been received with consideration, albeit the common folk had rather believe in a good ghost story than not, but coming from such a seedy-looking individual, with a mangy terrier pup under his arm, it was received with the contempt it deserved, and the originator of this theory was hooted and shuffled down the street, and charitably advised by several of his impromptu foes and despisers to go and be hanged.

But one of the constables caught at the idea, and said that, ghost or no ghost, he must not vacate the premises, and he was about to return, backed by half a dozen others, when a messenger came, saying that their services were not required, as the earl had paid his debts, and therefore their vocation there was at an end. Upon this the crowd, being satisfied that the earl had really been saved, and paid his debts like a man, gave three hurrahs for him, and dispersed as quickly as it had congregated.

The earl in the meanwhile wandered through all his house, looking for his daughter, and calling upon her name, and then upon those of his servants. At length, satisfied that she was gone, he stood a few moments irresolute, his hand to his brow, his eyes wandering.

"My child! Where is my child?"

No response reached his ears. He again searched every place, and was appalled by the utter desolation. "Where can my daughter be? Did she not receive my message? Has she, supposing me dead, destroyed herself rather than live? If aught has happened to her, all I have done to secure her in happiness and her fortune, has been done in vain! Whither shall I go?—which way direct my steps to seek her? Who can give me a clue to find her?"

Suddenly a hand touched him upon the arm from behind. He started, and beheld a young man dressed in the coarse but neat attire of an artisan. He had a handsome, frank face, in which courage and good nature were blended with an expression that inspired confidence.

"My lord!"

"Who is it?—what? Who are you?"

"Ralph, my lord."

"Yes—I know you now—my steward's son! Have you brought news from Lady Isabel?" he asked, eagerly, as he caught him by the wrist.

"She is safe, my lord, but she did not send me. But I am come from one who would save you."

"What is the peril?"

"The Tower-axe, my lord," answered the young man, firmly, as if the present were no time for choice of speech. It is known that you committed the great robbery at the Tower! In a few minutes you will be taken. I have come full speed to save you. See my horse at the side gate, covered with foam. Fly, my lord!"

"Known, is it? Who has betrayed me?"

"It is no time, my lord, to ask that! You have not a minute to escape!"

"But Lady Isabel?"

"Knows not a word of your guilt, yet. She would die if she heard of your arrest. For her sake, mount my horse and escape. A boat will be in waiting for you at the millhead cove below Conybeare-ford! You can reach there in half an hour, distancing all your pursuers. Twenty thousand pounds is offered for your arrest, and the police, ere this, are hastening to take you!"

The nobleman looked bewildered. The young man led him by the arm down the rear stairway. He suffered him to conduct him passively. They reached the back gate, which opened into a narrow lane. A horse flecked with foam, and panting like a hunted stag, stood there.

"Mount him, my lord! You know the way and the place—the millhead cove! Take the lane down, and avoid the strand!"

"But my daughter?"

"Is safe."

"Swear it to me!"

"I swear; and this is the second oath I have sworn to-day."

"The other?"

"Not to leave you till I saw you in the saddle, on your way from the peril which surrounds you."

"Swore you this oath, young man, to my child?"

"No, my lord. I hear noise on the main street in front. Ride for your life! I will send you word of Lady Isabel to Paris, so soon as she resolves where to stay. Hark! There are shouts! Fly!"

Lord Conybeare, as if thoroughly aroused to the sense of his danger, and inspired with the natural love of life and safety which, in such a menacing moment, he would have been insane not to feel, leaped into the saddle.

"Take this little bag. Give it to my daughter, for I see you know where she is!"

"I know her to be safe with friends who will never see her suffer."

"Thanks! Give her my love. Tell her to write her poor father at Paris."

"Under what name?" asked the young man, with that ready self-possession which characterized his whole conduct.

"True! I must conceal myself. The law may reach me, even there. I will take my mother's name. Tell my daughter to write to 'Charles Sedley.'"

"I will do so, my lord."

"Give the little sack to thy daughter!"

"I will, my lord!"

"Now there's my hand, brave and trusty Ralph. One of these days I hope to reward thee!"

"Nay, my lord, I cannot take your hand! It is the hand of a burglar and robber. I aid not thy escape for love of thee—but for—for—my oath to another! Spur, my lord, or you will be off too late!"

The earl, with a look of angry mortification at this insult, as he felt it to be, hearing the noise of persons before his horse, buried the spurs into the flanks of the horse, and dashed down the lane at a speed which would have left far behind any pursuers that might be later in the saddle.

The young man watched him until he disappeared at the turning into the dark labyrinth of lanes far below the hill, and said in an under tone—

"If little Bettie wants stronger proof of my love for her, she'll have to ask me to hang myself; for there goes twenty thousand pounds sterling that I might had in my pocket before sun-down, if I had not been so true to my promise to her, that I would do all I could to get his lordship off. Well, I don't regret it. I would rather have a smile from her sweet eyes and a kiss, than the best bag of gold guineas ever carried. Twenty thousand pounds would not buy in England such a true and loving heart as Bettie's! Poor Lord Inglis! He has come to a bad end at last, with all his gaming! I hope, for my sweet Lady Isabel's sake, he'll get off safe to Paris! If he is taken this side the Channel, he'll swing for it!"

He now pursued his way up the lane to St. James-street. As he came round to the front, he saw a mob gathering about it, with looks of great excitement, drawn together by the unusual spectacle of half a score of *mounted* constables galloping up, some alighting at the door and others dashing down the lane, to surround the house.

"Too late," said Ralph, smiling inwardly. "The fox has taken cover and off!"

He remained until he had seen the police thoroughly search the mansion, and come out of it with looks of disappointment.

"But there is his house at Conybeare-Ford," said some evil-pitched voice in the crowd.

The chief constable instantly ordered half-a-dozen of his best men to ride after him; and away they went at top-speed; for twenty thousand pounds was not to be found in every constable's leathern cap when he doffed it at night.

"The fox may yet be taken," said Ralph Browning, sententiously, as he went on his way towards the river, where hailing a pair of sculls he was soon on his return to Conybeare-Ford, having achieved his mission with the decision and straight-forwardness which belonged to his character.

And where had he seen the pretty Bettie Page, to receive from her such a commission. Truly, one knows not which most to admire, the pretty femme-de-chambre's faith in her lover, that he would rather do her bidding than have twenty thousand pounds, or his devotion to her which would rather obey her than possess all this money. But we will explain.

After Sir Villiers Courtney had taken his leave of Lady Isabel, both still lovers, first receiving from her a pledge that she would make known to him the place of retirement if she was ever in trouble, she knew not whither to go. Bettie said, "Go with me, dear mistress? My uncle at the Conybeare Arms has a large heart and a large house! If it is not too humble——"

"*Too* humble! Talk not thus, Bettie, to one who has not where to lay her head. I feel I have no right to anything! All belongs to my father's creditors! I will accept your offer. I will go with you, Bettie, and see then what I can do. But the world is cold and unfeeling. I have not courage to be known! I must go with you as your friend!"

"Just as your dear ladyship pleases," said Bettie, busying herself in picking up about the room everything she could lay hands on, that she thought would be of service to her unhappy mistress.

It was, therefore, decided that the beautiful and hapless lady should, attired as a young woman in humble life, accompany Bettie home; for her uncle's was her home when not in service. After everything had been got ready and Isabel had put on the humblest apparel she possessed, a hackney-coach received them at the very back-gate from which, five hours afterwards in the afternoon, her wretched and guilty father had made his escape on horseback. The hack drove off out of London in the direction of the village of their destination. Scarcely had it departedere the messenger, who had been dispatched by the earl early in the morning to his daughter with the note written in his library, alighted at the street-door; when, finding no one to receive it, though he stated he gave it to Bettie in order to get his reward, he pushed it beneath the door, and galloped away again. So Lady Isabel heard not that her father lived.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

STANZAS.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Fate, thou'st torn my heart's young clinging
From its brightest, dearest dreams,
Till thy phantom-hands' cold wringing
Round my bosom ever seems.

Haunting come they through the twilight,
When the heart is sighing most—
Haunting rush they round the midnight,
Not the dead—and yet the lost.

Thou hast many—leave him only,
Now I'll sigh not for the rest;
But were he lost, what a lonely
Desolation were my breast.

True, the stars looked on his bridal
Long ere we had ever met,
But he is the dearest idol
I have found to worship yet.

Do I love him?—Saidst thou *love him?*
Walks he not a world that's real?
Sigh I not for shapes above him,
To be like to my Ideal?

Do I love him? No, stern shadow—
Earth-love round me may not move;
In some misty, dreamland meadow
Roves a spirit that I love.

Yet within his eye's dark dreaming
I can find too much of light;
And I've heard his soft voice seeming
Like an angel's through the night.

Then, oh! leave me him—him only,
And I'll sigh not for the rest—
But were he lost, what a lonely
Desolation were my breast!

TWO WASTED LIVES;

OR,

THE COST OF VANITY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

When Louise Munson left school and returned home, she renewed acquaintance, as a young lady, with Charles and Letitia Hudson, the playmates of her childhood. They were the children of Mr. Munson's nearest neighbors and most intimate friends, so it was very natural that, though the days and years when rompings and all manner of hoydenish games were admissible had passed away, the young people should renew their intimacy with a large infusion of sentimentality.

Louise was a pretty, piquant girl of eighteen—Charley a dashing, handsome young man of twenty-two. Proximity, youth, beauty, old associations; boating, driving, riding, walking in company; moonlight strolls on perfumed summer eves; eyes of melting, heavenly blue—eyes deep, dark, and expressing all emotions; plenty of romance; an affectionate, fondly interested mutual confidante—all these are circumstances wondrously favorable to the growth of the tender passion. Nobody was the least surprised when Charley led his blushing Louise to her parents, and, after due protestations of his love, asked them to bestow upon him the precious little hand he held.

There was not a particle of opposition from any quarter. Everybody approved and looked smilingly upon the somewhat extravagant raptures of Charley, and the pretty blushes that would play across the face of Louise. In fact, this perfectly good understanding—this entire approval on all sides—made the whole matter a little tame after the first novelty had worn off, and Charley's vocabulary of pet names and tender speeches had become stereotyped. Louise tried to describe her position and feelings in glowing verse, for the benefit of one of her quondam schoolmates, who was as yet unappropriated, but failed utterly. There were plenty of "kisses" to rhyme to love's "blisses," but never a "tear" to rhyme to "fear."

But both tears and fears came at last, when Charley went away to the West to seek his fortune, and make a beautiful home for his little wife that was to be. Letitia cried, and Louise sobbed piteously, while she clung closely to Charley, and there were some intrusive specks of dust in the gentleman's dark eyes, that made an application of his cambric handkerchief highly necessary at that moment.

Partings cannot last forever, and even this was at length over. Charley had gone—he was rattling over long, dreary stretches of railway, or steaming across the blue waters of the great lakes, away toward his western home. And Louise was left behind alone, not even caring for Letitia's company, with nothing to do but sigh and weep, and cover innumerable sheets of rose-tinted, perfumed note-paper with the story of her love, or to look from the window, at evening, down into the beautiful garden, redolent of sweets, where the moonlight, playing with the waving branches, flecked with silvery lights the broad gravel-walk, where the tread of the lovers' feet had kept time to the music of their heart-throbs, and low, murmured words. Louise enjoyed (no unmeaning paradox) the full luxury of grief for a time, but it, at last, like all luxuries, palls upon the taste.

Tears reddened her eyes, dolor gave a most unnatural expression to the face whose dimples were nestling-places for mirth, sighs were a mighty convenient and troublesome expenditure of breath. She reflected that sadness would not abridge her separation from her lover; that it was right to preserve her good looks in anticipation of his return; that he was too unselfish to desire her to be miserable on his account. So, bathing her reddened eyes in eau-de-cologne, and smoothing the ringlets which she had worn in studied dishevelment since the parting hour, and turning resolutely away from the moonlit garden, she went down into the parlors, whence she had caught the sound of a brilliant prelude upon the piano-forte, followed by the rich tones of Letitia Hudson's voice.

Letitia had walked over with her parents to pass the evening at Mr. Munson's, and had been followed by two young gentlemen of the neighborhood, who, being both smitten with the charms of the fair Letitia, and neither having yet found boldness to tell his love, felt impelled to keep jealous watch over each other. Thus, no matter which made his first appearance at Mr. Hudson's, the other was sure to follow directly, balking his own purposes willingly, that thereby he might thwart his rival.

Letitia turned round from the piano to nod to her friend, while Mrs. Hudson greeted her in sympathizing tones, for she fully appreciated the thought of sorrow for Charley's absence. Mr. Hudson shook hands with her, and called her his daughter, while her father and mother seemed not a little surprised at the transformation which had taken place in her appearance since they had seen her sitting, pale and wo-begone, at the tea-table.

Louise surprised the entire party still more by entering into a merry conversation with the young gentlemen aforesaid, who, as Letitia continued obstinately at the piano, were well content to seem very much interested in so pretty a girl as Miss Munson. The evening passed a little uncomfortably to all, and ended by Letitia bidding her friend a scornful good-night, and going home upon her father's arm, leaving the rivals to a silent moonlight stroll along the quiet country road that led to their respective homes.

The spell was broken by that night's occurrences. Louise was restless and unhappy; and though she loved Charley very dearly, and often thought of him, she loved also to flirt, and smile upon the victims that followed in her train. She needed something to fill up many an idle hour—she needed, or fancied she did, excitement. In the adoration of her admirers she found a pleasant pabulum for her vanity, and whenever she thought of her vows and obligations, if she thought at all, it was to console herself with the idea that Charley was amusing himself with new acquaintances and friends, and playing the gallant to the pretty daughters of his business partner. So where could be the harm in *her* enjoying a little innocent amusement?

Conscience might whisper that she was playing the coquette in a most unjustifiable manner, but it was very easy to stifle conscience in some burst of gay repartee or merry jest. There was a feverish excitement in her present mode of life—a sort of intoxication that craved continual food. She did not cease to write him words warm with the love in her heart, but with all this wealth of genuine feeling, the vanity that marred her character would continually assert itself, reckless of the wrong it occasioned.

Letitia had secretly looked with favorable eyes upon one of her rival lovers, but both of these luckless young gentlemen had been enthralled by the smiles of Louise, and, after vainly laying their hearts and fortunes at her feet, had gone on their travels, to dispel their mortification amid new scenes. Letitia was justly angry at Louise, ostensibly upon her brother's account, but really upon her own, while Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, indignant at her conduct, refused to acknowledge the engagement, and no longer treated her with the old parental affection.

Louise was gay, brilliant and merry, with a smile and a jest for every one, but was she happy? Had any eye looked upon her solitude, the question might have been answered. In truth, there were tears enough now, and plenty of real misery. A pair of deep, dark eyes seemed always to look mournfully down into her soul, to read its secrets. She was unhappy, and while constantly seeking to gratify her vanity, longed as constantly for manifestations of the love which she prized above all earthly things.

Charley was not long kept in ignorance of the fact that Louise was a sad flirt. His letters from home rung continual changes upon this theme, and, had not the accusation of the diffusion of her affections been contradicted by her letters, filled with words that assured him that she was still his own, he would have been truly miserable. And, though he was inclined to be fiercely jealous at times, and would, in imagination, challenge to mortal combat the favored admirer of whom he heard as basking in the smiles of the fair Louise, yet certain little twinges of conscience taught him that he, too, had not pined in solitude, and fed only on memory; he too had smiled on others—he had bent in devotion at other shrines, not with such love—the warm, first love of a young heart—but with a man's admiration of beauty and appreciation of excellence.

Charley's nature was a manly and generous one; so long as Louise loved him, he had no wish to know that she exiled herself from society; so, in spite of sundry spasms of jealousy, he was tolerably happy. He was absorbed in business, with a motive powerful enough to lighten his labors, and was always looking forward to the time when the beautiful home should be ready, and the little wife come to adorn it, and make it the abode of the purest joy.

Twice a year Charley visited his home and Louise. During these brief visits the lovers were intensely, perfectly happy. Vanity was forgotten in the sweet overflow of genuine feeling, by Louise, while Charley looked into her blue eyes, and forgot some bewitching orbs that had sent their glances, like arrow's from Love's quiver, through the outer coatings of his guarded heart. They would again stroll in the moonlight along the pleasant garden walks, again renew their vows, with many a promise of unswerving fidelity, then part sadly, as of old. But promises, like a certain culinary preparation, as the proverb tells us, "are made to be broken." We know how often they *are* broken, and the case of our lovers was no exception. Louise would flirt, and Charley would admire raven locks and flashing eyes, or sunny tresses and blue orbs, "so like those of Louise," as he whispered in answer to any mental accusation.

But at length a lover presented himself to the brilliant Louise, who was far less easily managed than his predecessors. *They* had been content to pass all the gradations—to be ensnared by treacherous smiles, to dance attendance upon the capricious beauty till their hearts were lost—then, seeking hers in return, to receive severe repulse, and go away silently to hide their anger and mortification.

Not so Mortimer Leland. He was not born to be the victim of woman's wiles, he proudly repeated to himself. "He came, he saw, he conquered," as he fondly believed; but when, in the very flush of anticipated victory, he laid his heart at the feet of Louise, and saw her blue eyes dilate with real or affected astonishment, and heard the chilling words in which she informed him of her engagement and dismissed him from her presence, he at first yielded in silence. But time brought healing to his wounded vanity. He did not despair, because a strong will believes all things possible to itself, and a woman's no was but a slight obstacle in his way. He resolved to win Louise, or to punish her for all she had inflicted upon him. To do this he hesitated at no meanness, nor act of wrong.

Suddenly the ever-welcome letters of Louise ceased to bring messages of love to Charley in his banishment. Suddenly Louise turned from the messenger with flushed cheek and tearful eyes, that were not gladdened by the familiar traces of her lover's pen. To her there came vague whispers of his unfaithfulness; to him the story of a new love and an approaching marriage; to both suspense, and misery and estrangement that almost seemed final.

In vain either sought explanation, none came, and at last Mortimer Leland thought the hour of triumph had arrived. Hitherto he had worked in secret. He had bribed a faithless clerk, and all the letters of the lovers were delivered to him. He knew and had watched the progress of the whole affair, and when he believed the time had come, like an experienced actor he stepped from behind the scenes, and, without avowing the false part he had played, came to Louise with the gentlest, and, from him, a discarded lover, the most generous sympathy. By his wily words he wrought upon her bewildered feelings, till she was ready to listen to all his accusations of the absent, to believe herself forsaken, and deceived, and mocked. And, by his persuasion, she wrote to Charley desiring him never again to write to her, never to present himself before her, and assuring him that she was as one dead to him.

When she thanked Mortimer Leland that night, and, with her little hand laid in his, called him her true and generous friend, he believed his suit more than half won. He spoke no word of love then, but, as he went down the garden-walk, after that parting, and felt in his hand the letter that Louise had entrusted to him, he chuckled at the thought of the easy victory which was so near.

That letter he took care should next day be dispatched to its destination. But oh, the fallibility of human calculations. That letter produced an effect diametrically different to that on which he had counted. Charley saw the beloved hand-writing with delight, but his joy changed to sorrowful surprise as he read. He doubted the evidence of his eyes, he peered at the even faultless characters in which the bitter words, the first he had received for many a day, were written, anxious but quite unable to assure himself that they were a forgery.

He had been detained by pressing business, or he would have gone to Louise before. Now the immediate hindrances to his journey were removed and, with but an hour's preparation, he started for the East, determined to investigate the wrong in person.

Scarcely a week after the letter was dispatched, Mortimer Leland, standing on the platform at the station, saw Charley Hudson alight from the train, and, with valise in hand, take his course across the meadows toward the grove, out of which peeped the white chimneys of Mr. Munson's house. He knew "the game was up," he knew that for once his calculation of chances had failed, and that, as he said to himself, he "had no further business in that neighborhood." Accordingly he next morning betook himself to parts unknown.

Meantime Charley had arrived at his destination, and accomplished his errand. There was an interview with Louise, in which she cried more than she talked, and which ended only when a reluctant yes had been drawn from her lips. Then the two sought Mr. and Mrs. Munson in the library, and Charley unfolded his purpose. He had come to L. to stay two days, he said, and when he went Louise must go with him as his wife—he could not remain longer, and he would not leave until she accompanied him.

The parents had spent many anxious hours of late, fearing much for the happiness of their erring child, and they were willing that even this hasty marriage should terminate the long engagement; believing that all anxiety would then be happily ended. They consented, and two days after there was a wedding in the village church, and the western train carried Louise Munson away a bride, bound for the city of her husband's residence, and for the beautiful home yet to be built.

This hurried but happy wedding perhaps should close the scene, but this veracious sketch is not yet finished. The honeymoon of the wedded lovers was probably very like all honeymoons past, present, and prospective. It waned and was followed by others scarcely less happy. But a dark memory was brooding over their lives. Charley could not quite forget the past, and when the first bloom and freshness of his wedded life was past, in which he had been extravagantly devoted to his fair lady's whims and caprices, and had taught her to yield to them all, he remembered what she had made him suffer in the past. He doubted her love, he became jealous of her lightest word or look bestowed upon another, he persecuted her with ceaseless suspicion.

Years passed. Louise, like many a vain and giddy girl, was transformed by marriage into a devoted wife. Charles Hudson had been her first and only love—she had amused herself with the devotion of others, in the day of her power, but her heart had craved no love but his, nor even acknowledged another master. But she had wasted her own happiness by the foolish vanity of her youth, and now, condemned to the constant, causeless suspicion of a jealous, moody husband, her beauty faded, her fine spirits fled with the brilliant vivacity of her youth. Prematurely old and weary of the life to which she had once looked forward with such joyful anticipations, she yet drags on its heavy, lengthened chain. Nor does she suffer alone. The manly, generous disposition so changed and warped, the trusting heart grown so suspicious, the chivalric devotion to woman turned to a contemptuous loathing of the sex—these have made of the Charley Hudson once promising such a noble perfection of manhood, a surly, miserable, misanthropic wretch, a burden to himself, and hated by all who know him. And at such a fearful cost have the silly triumphs of Louise Munson's girlish vanity been won—the misery of two wasted and useless lives!

THE FEROCITY OF THE OWL.

A singular and, we believe, previously unheard-of occurrence, took place recently. A young man, the son of a respectable farmer, living near Sandusky, Ohio, in returning home across the fields, was violently seized on the back part of the neck by an owl, which had suddenly lighted on his back, and it was with some difficulty the winged assailant could be kept at bay. Shortly afterwards a workingman of the neighborhood, who was passing near the spot, was also attacked by the same or another owl, which flew in his face and severely bit him. In each case blood was drawn by the beak of the aggressor. It was subsequently ascertained that there was a nest of young owls in a tree near the place, and there is no doubt that the parent birds made these remarkable assaults.

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ANTICIPATED PLEASURES.—Pleasure owes its greatest zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a boy in happiness for a year. The fun connected with its possession will expire in an hour. Now, what is true of school-boys is equally true of men: all they differ in is the price of their fiddles.

A WESTERN DUEL.

The following terrible account of a south-western duel is no work of fiction, but the history of an actual occurrence, that took place in a public tavern some years ago, and amidst a number of witnesses. To make the story intelligible, it should be premised that a swaggering Western colonel, one of those ruffianly bullies that occasionly infest society, on entering a tavern, swore that he would raise a fight, and, in order to do so, walked quietly up to a young man in the company, and, after listening to some private conversation between himself and a friend, deliberately gives him the lie, and calls him a coward. A rencontre, of course, takes place, and the following is the mode of fighting and the result of the fight:—

"Reconciliation, even during the space of a few hours, being thus rendered impossible, and all the already proposed modes of fighting being rejected or unattended to, a new proposition was made. It was distinctly—that in order to disarm one of the parties of his decided general advantages of a duellist—to prevent the other, as far as possible, from being butchered as well as wantonly insulted—and, in short, to place both upon as perfect an equality as possible, the following articles ought to be agreed to:—That the landlord should give up the use of a large empty room, which extended over the whole top of his house, and allow every window to be closely blocked up with shutters and boards. That, when this was done, the duellists should be divested of every particle of clothing, armed each with a brace of pistols and a bowie knife, and then be let into the room, three minutes being given, after the closing of the door, before hostilities commenced, the expiration of the time being announced to them by three rapid knocks upon the door.

"Will it be believed that this arrangement was instantly agreed to? But so it was. And a tolerable party immediately proceeded up stairs, some to make the needful arrangements, and others to listen to this unseen fight, and await its exciting result.

"Savage as men's spirits may be, such a scene of preparation was enough to silence, if not awe them. While it was passing, no man spoke; but all looked curiously upon the fine, muscular persons that were soon, in all probability, about to cut each other up alive.

"All things being ready, the door, which had cautiously been kept closed, to prevent the interior of the place being seen by the duelists, was opened, and they entered the room of death together. The old man, whose friend one of them was, wept in silent bitterness; but, by an involuntary action, as the young man passed out of his sight, evidently besought heaven to assist the innocent. The door was closed. The time-keeper drew out his watch, and kept his eyes steadily fixed upon it. The assembled party employed that brief period in offering and accepting (in whispers) bets of from one to five hundred or more dollars, as to the result. According to sporting phrase, 'the colonel was the favorite,' though the backers of neither one nor the other appeared inclined to offer very long odds.

"The time-keeper closed his watch, and gave the signal; at the same moment, all the lights on the landing and staircase were extinguished, in order that no ray might pass through the least crevice into the inside of the room.

"Everybody expected, upon the giving of the signal, to hear the commencement of the strife; but they listened in dead silence to no purpose—not the remotest sound, even of a footstep, could be heard. And thus they waited five minutes, and ten, and twenty, and yet the combatants gave no sign. After the lapse, as near as might be conjectured, of half-an-hour, or thereabouts, one pistol was discharged; and although the listeners had been in continued expectation of it so long, yet, when it did come, a sudden start of surprise ran through them, as though each man had instantly felt that he might have received the contents himself. And then followed a hasty step across the floor—another pistol report—the clashing of knives, and a brief, but seemingly desperate, attempt to wrestle, which quickly terminated, and all again was quiet.

"'It's all up!' whispered one, 'I'll bet drinks for the crowd!'

"'Taken!' said another. 'I begin to want a julep.'

"'Fifty to forty the colonel has killed him!' remarked a third. 'He was a very nice young man, but he can't come in this time.'

"And thus they would have gone on, had not the third report been just then heard, followed by a prolonged conflict, hand to hand, and knife to knife, in the course of which the fourth pistol was exploded. The strokes of the knives began to grow less frequent, and more faint in sound; but ere they had entirely ceased, a heavy body dropped with a dead sound upon the floor of the room. Another instant, and there followed another heavy fall.

"Some individuals present were for opening the doors immediately; but this proposition was overruled on the ground that, if the fight was not yet over, the most able might take advantage of the appearance of the light to kill the other even lying on the boards.

"About half an hour was, if I recollect aright, allowed to pass in close and attentive listening, to catch the most distant sound from within. None was heard: and at the expiration of that period, amidst a crowd of the most horrible of anxious faces, the door was opened, and the whole party rushed in. Towards the remoter end, and not far from the wall, lay a heap like red cloth. It was composed of the gashed and bloody bodies of the duelists! One lay across the other. They were taken up; and something like a distant murmur of applause followed, when it was discovered that the colonel was undermost!

"But many who best knew him spoke outright their gladness, when an examination proved that he was perfectly dead. Both bodies were so mangled, that it was next to impossible to handle them without touching the wounds.

"The best of it was, however, that the conqueror of this fearful white savage was found to be still alive. He was taken down stairs instantly, stimulants were given, and he began to revive. His body was then carefully washed; after which, being cautiously wrapped up, he was conveyed away to the nearest surgeon's some time after midnight.

"The room exhibited a spectacle not to be described.

"The young man eventually recovered entirely of all his wounds, and was often congratulated of having rid the country of a monster whom few dared to attack.

"This was not all. During his convalescence, inquiries were frequently made of him as to how the fight was managed; and he accordingly gave the following curious account, as nearly as the writer can remember:—

"'When the door was closed,' said he, 'we were surrounded by the most profound darkness. It seemed for some moments to confound the senses and be close to my eyes. During the three minutes allowed before the battle might begin, my principal aim was to get away from my antagonist into another part of the room, without his knowledge, and to stand there by the wall, until, perhaps, he should make some movement, by the sound of which I could be directed in my attack. The crowd outside was as still as death. I held my breath, and treading so lightly that I could not hear my own footfalls, I stole away to that side of the room on which I entered. Whether he had calculated that I should naturally do so, and had, therefore, taken the same direction, nobody can now tell; but no sooner had I stood to listen for him, than I found he was somewhere about me—I could hear his breathing. With the greatest caution and silence, I hastened to another part, expecting every moment that he would run against me, or I against him. And in this kind of manœuvering, sometimes to get away, and sometimes to approach, if I fancied, though why I know not, that an advantage might be gained, the greater part of the silent half-hour you speak of was spent.

"'At length, having safely reached the opposite side, I stood still, resolved not to move again, until he either approached, having, perhaps, found me out, or by some means or other I could discover his position in the room. Having now got beyond his reach, I felt that to be motionless on my part would be the wisest step, and calculated that his passion and fury would soon lead him on to the exhibition of less caution. Nothing of the kind occurred, and yet the first ball discharged was mine. A mouse could have been heard to stir: but we were perfectly lost to each other.

"'Eventually, whether my eyes had become more accommodated to the blackness, or from whatever cause, but true enough it is, I perceived a pair of eyes on the other side, nearly opposite me. They shone like those of a hyena in the night. I fired instantly, and rushed forward. The flash showed me the colonel crouched down against the wall, and must have equally directed him to me. He fired as he advanced, but missed. We were almost close together. The empty pistols were thrown down, and the knives used. He rushed on with great ferocity, and tried to grapple with me, but I slipped out of his arms; and for an instant being quite separated, both stood still, listening for the place of the other. I think he must have heard me, for he fired a second time, with such effect as you have all seen. Nothing but his knife now remained. I had a knife and a pistol. We were so close together that he was upon me almost as soon as the pistol-ball. The latter staggered me a little at the moment, but I met him with the knife, and from that time we never separated again. My object was to keep him from closing upon me, until I could be as certain as darkness would permit of using my last ball to advantage. In consequence of that I retreated in various ways, both still fighting, sometimes on the open floor, and sometimes knocking ourselves with violence against the wall.

"'I was growing faint. I found my strength failing and then I fired my second pistol. The light instantaneously made, showed both men redder than the Indian on the field of battle. I heard that he staggered, and rushed with all my strength upon him. He still fought a little, but suddenly dropped before me, and more than that I do not know.'

"Such is the tale, as nearly as the writer can remember, that was related to him. Should it be said that he met with a romancist, in that case, his only hope is, that he may meet with another such every day of his life; though his firm and well-founded belief is that all the details are perfectly true."

CHANGES OF THE WORLD.

It may well be conceived that the earth is not so green as when the five generations of men walked upon it, nor do the lights of Heaven now shine upon it with a splendor so refulgent; but of these pictures the colors are as fresh, the beauty as resplendent, as when they were newly produced. This is truly surprising, especially when compared with the ruin which has fallen on other things which seemed destined to enjoy a more lengthened existence. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." When these words were spoken, the broad walls of Babylon still stood; the banks of the Tigris and the Nile were adorned with cities, whose greatness even then was of ancient days; Greece and Rome were just starting, young and vigorous, in their career, and no symptoms of decay or ruin were visible on the earth; but now look around and survey the world, and see whether Time has not ratified the doom pronounced by the prophet on all terrestrial glory. What is the earth but a wide burial ground of cities, nations and empires? Where now are the temples of Egypt? They are crushed and gone—not a footfall is now heard in the once populous No—and even the pyramids of that land are slowly sinking into the earth, as if they were unwilling to be longer a burden on its soil, or to expose their immense but useless bulk to the eyes of men. Tadmor erects, in the midst of her sands, a few broken columns—all that time, and the ravages of barbarous nations, have left her of her many princely splendors.

POLITENESS REWARDED.

A gentleman, on leaving the opera one evening previous to the fall of the curtain, overtook, in the lobby, an elderly lady, making her way out to avoid a crowd. She was dressed in a most peculiar manner, with hoop and brocades, and a pyramid of hair; in fact, she was at least a century behind the rest of the world in her costume. So singular an apparition had attracted the attention of half-a-dozen Lord Dukes and Sir Harrys sitting in the lobby, and as she slowly moved towards the box-entrance, they amused themselves by making impertinent remarks on her extraordinary dress and infirm gait. Directly our gentleman caught sight of them, and saw what they were after, he went to her assistance, threatened to give them in charge to a Bow-street officer, and, with a polite bow, offered her his arm. She accepted it; and on the stairs he inquired whether she had a chair or carriage, at the same time intimating his willingness to go for one. "I thank you, sir, I have my chair," replied the lady, "if you will be only good enough to remain with me till it arrives." As she was speaking, her servants came up with it, and making the cavalier a very stately courtesy, she requested to know to whom she had the honor of being indebted for so much attention. "My name, madam," replied the stranger, as he handed her to the chair, "is Boothby; but I am usually called Prince Boothby;" upon which the antiquated old lady thanked him once more, and left. Well, from that hour Boothby never saw her again, and did not even hear of her till her death, which took place a few years after, when he received a letter from her lawyer, announcing to him the agreeable intelligence of her having left him heir to several thousands a year.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857.

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OUR CITY.

Our city is the acknowledged metropolis—the great commercial and monied center—as it should be the pride and boast of the New World. Advantaged by position beyond any other mart, swelled by population, and enriched beyond parallel, it would seem as if nothing had been denied it by nature or external circumstances. And yet, with all its splendor of position, with the noblest of ocean bays bathing its front, and the most magnificent of inland waters laving its sides and linking its trade with the commerce of the great lakes and the mighty granaries of the giant West—with its multitude of ships, the palace-like warehouses of its merchant princes, its artizan shops and endless whirl of building and traffic, aye, with all these signs of prosperity, never was a city deeper plunged in the pits of debasement, and wholly given up to misrule, over-tax, disorder, and crime, than our own proud and beautiful mart.

On a lesser scale—yet greater for its age—it has borne the reproach of a Babylon, or a Sodom, and that, too, so long, that many have doubted if the day of virtuous government, of faithful, economical, and honest public servants, and of public regard for order and decency, were not past. Yes, so swift and overwhelming has been the tide of corruption, that few have had the courage or spirit of self-sacrifice to stem it, or seek to dyke against it on this side or that. Men of traffic have been too busied with speculations and gains to question how fared their city's good fame; thousands have plead their respectability, or their disgust, against occasional appeals for their aid at the ballot-box to purge the Augean stable, while office, and profit, and plunder, and misrule, have been given over to, or seized by, a multitude who cared not whether the city's escutcheon gathered glory or shame, so long as they could riot in spoils, and go unpunished of their crimes.

Without reference to individuals, or desire to impugn any political party, we must insist that our city has, for a long time past, been most wretchedly misgoverned and debauched—not in one department, but in all. The defection of those commissioned and dearly paid to serve the public, has been all but universal. Men of notoriously bad character have arisen to the most responsible and dignified offices, to the reproach of all good citizens; the plundering, and squandering, and defrauding of justice have been wholesale; our taxes, always grievous enough, have been rapidly doubled and trebled, and yet the material interests of our city were never so ill-served, so shamefully neglected. Reproach, and that righteously, has fallen upon us from within and without.

We have thought much, but have said little, of these things, not caring or meaning to meddle with ordinary political concerns, but when an evil overruns all customary bounds, and becomes the proper thought and business of all, we cannot forbear a word. This is a great city, and what it does, or suffers, goes farther for or against us abroad, as a people, than all the legislation and doings of many States—for our city communicates more than any and all others this side of the Atlantic, with all the great centers and marts of the civilized world. The peoples of the Old World look to us for exemplifications of republican government and society, and by our standard and repute the Republic is largely judged. It behooves us, then, to desire and to have good government, that prosperity and good order may go hand in hand, so that our name shall everywhere be famous and not infamous. To us it has seemed that the proudest honest ambition could desire no higher political goal than the chief magistracy of this great city—therein to act well the stateman's and the patriot's part. Let us trust that the era has returned when men, honored by the great public trusts in our midst, will esteem it their proudest fortune and fame faithfully to do their noble duty. This is all that is wanted to retrieve the character of our city.

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How to Ruin a Rival.—The true way to ruin a rival, whether in business or in love, is not to traduce him, but to excel him.

The traducer seldom succeeds either in business or in love. Traduction is a coin that never rises to par value. It is always at heavy discount, and very frequently there is *no market* for it. This is a truth with which some people, we could name, seem to be unacquainted! But let them continue to be the victims of their own folly.

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The right to think for themselves is a privilege which some people are disposed to claim, and we cannot discover that there is anything very unreasonable in it.

It is a right which *all* people should claim and exercise. The man who cannot, does not, or will not think for himself, might better be out of society than *in* or *of* it. To the independent thinker we are indebted for all our model reforms, our best laws, and everything that is good in social science.

"A FORTUNE IN HER OWN RIGHT."

Among the matrimonial advertisements which have so frequently graced the daily papers, there was one, some time ago, that furnished a capital text. We propose to use it in this article.

The advertisement referred to represented a gentleman of social position, who had several daughters for whose marriage he was desirous of arranging with suitors who might prove acceptable to them, severally, while meeting his own views, as their natural supervisor. As an inducement to "men of property and standing" to seek their hands, as equals in every respect, he represented his daughters as possessed, each, of "a fortune in her own right."

As may be supposed, not a few letters were forwarded to the address assumed, by wife-seekers of all sorts—good, bad and indifferent—among whom "disinterestedness" was a staple profession, while "money was no object!" As each application contained two postage stamps, the reception of applications became quite a "paying" business, albeit in a small way, after all! But, as everything has its end, this game was at length played out. Some pretended suitor, so soon as he thought he had his toils ready for the exposure and punishment of the disinterested "father" of these "daughters" with "fortunes in their own right," pounced down upon his retreat, with an officer.

Of course, there was a flutter in the camp, for a moment! But the advertiser proposed to convince his accusers that he had stated the truth in his advertisement. Accordingly, he summoned the "daughters" to his presence. They appeared with fine, healthy forms, handsome faces, and pleasing address, every feature and motion indicating vigor of mind as well as of body, general intelligence, and industrious habits—in a word, every quality desirable in a wife! Enumerating these, and dwelling upon them eloquently, the "father" challenged his accusers to say whether these did not constitute "a fortune in her own right" for each of his pretended daughters!

The moral we have in view must be patent to every reader. But, intending it for the special benefit of unmarried ladies, we would exhort them to cultivate the above-described qualities of head and heart, resting assured that she who possesses them has "*a fortune in her own right.*"

PRESS ON!

There is much to be done for poverty and labor. The world has already roused itself to a consciousness of the momentous fact. Society strengthens every hour the hands of government, and every hour shall find us more clearly ascertaining duty, more anxious to fulfill it. The bodily health of the masses, their moral and intellectual culture, their spiritual well-being, their social and political rights, have more interest to-day for every class than any other subject. The necessity of solving the difficulties of the many-sided question of the claims of labor is on all sides acknowledged to be paramount. The fate of the Republic for the future no doubt largely depends upon her wisdom and intelligence to-day; we have no fear of her ultimate happiness and triumph. There is no danger to be dreaded from the generous activity of the well-disposed; even wild and wanton teaching can operate but as a feather against the wholesome living tide that pours steadily and surely on towards the abiding shores of blessed civilization.

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Matrimonial.—A widow lady, aged 35, thoroughly educated and accomplished, possessing some property, and a very genteel personal appearance, desires to form a congenial matrimonial alliance. A widower or bachelor possessing education, business habits, and a respectable station in society, if sincere, may address the advertiser. The highest references for respectability will be given and required. Address, &c., &c.

It makes us blush for our kind to *know* that such a gull trap as the above will catch victims. And yet five minutes' reflection would convince any half sensible person that the injurious trash we have quoted is not genuine. Would a woman, such as the one described in the advertisement, be likely to fish for a husband in such a disgraceful way? A well-to-do, good-looking *widow* of thirty-five, hunt for a husband through the newspapers! Folly. A widow with such advantages and experience could get as many husbands as Brigham Young has wives, if she wanted them.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.

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The Bride of an Evening.—Mrs. Southworth's new story, "The Bride of an Evening," written expressly for the Ledger, will be commenced in our next number. It is a brilliant and powerfully written narrative, and exceeds in interest even her popular tale, "The Island Princess," published in our columns last summer. Inasmuch as one of the monthly magazines is now publishing one of Mrs. Southworth's old stories—a story that was published in a weekly paper seven years ago—it is but right and proper that we should reiterate what we have frequently stated, namely, that Mrs. Southworth is not now writing for any publication whatever except the Ledger, and that we have a contract with her for *all* that she may and shall write for years to come.

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A number of people have written to us stating that they have during the past year subscribed for the Ledger, to a newspaper-dealer in this city named Orris, and that they are now unable to get the paper from him, notwithstanding they have written repeatedly to him. On the receipt of these complaints we sent our book-keeper to Mr. Orris's place of business to ask for an explanation, when Mr. O. very quietly informed him that, inasmuch as his funds had run out, he was unable to buy the papers to send to the parties who had subscribed to him. In this connection, we would call attention to the standing notice under our editorial head, requesting people to remit their subscriptions direct to us, and then they will run no risk.

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Now.—Now is the time for our subscribers to renew their subscriptions, so that they may have the paper continued without interruption, as we invariably stop the Ledger at the expiration of the time for which it is paid. Besides, if our yearly subscribers, who get our paper by mail, renew *now*, it will save us the trouble of crossing off their names and re-entering them again. Those of our friends who wish to get up clubs will find our terms at the head of this column.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

IS NOT WOMAN CAPABLE OF IT?

Charles Read, the popular novelist, says that "woman is incapable of a long-protracted mental struggle."

Who refuses to accept the divorce which her husband's "State-prison" uniform holds out to her, and keeps his children and her heart warm for him, until what time, with her arm round his neck, she can defy the scornful finger of that society he has outraged?

Who toils patiently on, though a husband who has deserted her, and does nothing toward her support, is allowed by law to return whenever he is short of funds, and appropriate her earnings?

Who goes to the police court with bruised flesh, to beg off the husband who has broken his cane over her back, with the husband-comforting plea "*that he was not himself" when he did it.*

Who keeps a tavern, all but the sign, for the diplomatic husband, who, when he has a public or private axe to grind, is lavish of the hospitality which he expects the mother of his numerous children to see punctiliously carried out, under penalty of his Jove-like displeasure, and who reads the harrassed woman a lecture on "the necessity of economy," when the bills consequent upon this outlay come flocking in?

Who eats, uncomplainingly, mutton chops at home with the children, while their father dines at his club-house up-town, and otherwise luxuriates?

Who forces a smile when he perpetrates the very common, very delicate, and very agreeable joke of asking some lady, in her presence, if she will agree to be Mrs. Smith No. 2?

Who only sighs a little at the ghost of past happiness, when he nearly breaks his conjugal neck trying to pick up some lady's pocket-handkerchief, while *her* married hands unassisted put on the heavy cloak or shawl?

Who, when she has kept awake with the baby all night, replenishes his cup of coffee for the third time, before she has had time to swallow a mouthful? And who, just as she is at last ready to begin her long-needed, but now cold, breakfast, is requested to tell her husband, as he buttons his overcoat comfortably over his, whether the coal, wood, butter, sugar, tea, flour, potatoes, are "out" and what is to be the programme for that day's dinner?

And who, after all this, patiently answers the incredible question of "how she spent the dollar he gave her yesterday?" which was expected to find Tommy's shoes, Susan's geography, James's grammar, Mary's aprons, the baby's bibs, and a new sugar bowl and milk pitcher, which Biddy, bad luck to her, had broken?

And lastly, if woman is incapable of long-protracted mental struggles, who are these female sculptors and artists, and astronomers and authoresses, who are, every day and hour, refuting this audacious assertion of Mr. Read's?—who, if he knows anything, must know that woman's forte is in long-protracted struggles with pain, bodily and mental—with discouragements, disappointments and misery, which men either drown in wine and dissipation, or end with a pistol shot.

And Mr. Read, *is* it true, as they say, that although woman *is* such a mental goose, you stole your "Never too late to Mend" from the "Claudia" of Madame George Sand, and your "White Lies," now publishing in the London Journal, word for word, line for line, from Madame Emile de Girardin's last famous work, "La Joie Fait Peur?"

And why is it, Mr. Read, that those men who are always depreciating the quality of woman's brain, are always the first to pilfer its products, and pass them off for their own?

Please step up to the captain's office and settle *that*, Mr. Read.

Fanny Fern.

BLOWERS.

The world is full of blowers. They are found in every sphere of life—in the workshop, in the counting room, in the court room, in the legislative hall, in the editorial room, and even in the church. Might we not add the pulpit?

The proverb tells us "self-praise is no recommendation." But the blower evidently does not believe it. He constantly praises himself. Indeed, he seems to "blow his own trumpet" by deliberate preference, as much as to say he wants "no uncertain sound" to issue from its capacious mouth. Nor does he desire any variation of its notes. There is only a single tune that he causes it to play. It is "I, I, I." No other tune, though blown by an archangel, would seem melodious or cheering to his self-inflated soul!

Now, the blower needs to learn an important lesson. It is this—that true merit is seldom long overlooked. When it is, its possessor can do little or nothing towards its favorable recognition. We say "favorable recognition," because if our neighbors have to be informed of our good qualities by ourselves, the chances are against the discovery proving of any avail. Our frankness would, ten chances to one, be mistaken for pretence, and so reaction would turn the tide against us, in the event of our getting attention to ourselves. And this is so, partly because of an instinctive aversion to self-praise which is shown by the general mind, and partly because of there being so many real blowers, with their trumpets in constant blast. And thus, in this as in other things, the blameless suffer with the blameworthy.

Away, then, with all blowers! They are nuisances and pests to all communities so unfortunate as to embrace them within their social or business circles. They serve to lower one's estimate of the race, and to dampen his hopes for its true and sure progress.

THE DIFFERENCE.

One "gentleman" slaps the face of another in the streets, or in a court-room, and the act is denounced by every editor and itemizer who becomes aware of the matter, as "a gross outrage"—a "shameful assault," &c. The officer of a ship, if a seaman does not walk across deck, or "shin up" a mast, in a way that exactly suits him, picks up a belaying pin, or a capstan bar, or some such plaything, and belabors poor Jack about the head, almost killing him. The reporters call this "a difficulty." Jack is sent to the hospital, the officer is examined and discharged by a magistrate, and there is an end of the affair. No wonder seamen are scarce.

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VIRTUE IS BEAUTY.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty; but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are joined;
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of Heav'n that we below may view,
And all but adoration is your due.

DUST.

BY A. M.

From whence *does* it all come? You may sweep your room twice every day, and you will find that a cloud arises every time the broom and the floor make acquaintance. You may dust every article of furniture, every book, every picture; you may take care to shake your duster out of the window, and your own clothes out in the yard; you may wipe all about the book-shelves and the floor with a damp cloth; and yet, after all your labor, there will be dust. Dust flying in the air; dust settling on the books and tables; dust on the pictures, on the flowers—dust, dust everywhere. It *is* discouraging.

You think, perhaps, that 'tis because the room in which you sit is so large; you think that if you were in snugger quarters, there would not be so much of this annoyance; you therefore move into a smaller apartment, but you are worse off now than you were before. You can't turn around quick, nor even heave a sigh, without setting in motion ten thousand tiny particles of dust. You may sweep till your broom fails, and dust till your arms fall off, and the story will be always the same. Even out at sea, where the good ship rides the billows, thousands of miles from land, the dust gathers. It matters not how much the sailors rub the masts and holystone the decks, the dust *will* gather, even amid the salt spray of the sea. It is forever flying and settling wherever there is any solid substance on which it can alight. Where it comes from is no mystery, when we remember what sort of things are ever about us, and what sort of things we are.

"*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,*" is written on clothing, on wood, and iron, and steel, just as truly as it is on our frail, perishing flesh; and the changing and sifting back to its despised original is going on before our very eyes, in each thing that we look upon. Constantly—some rapidly, others with a slower waste, but certainly, all things are returning whence they came. 'Tis enough to make one *fear* the dust—to make one feel a *horror* at the atoms falling on one's garments, and one's limbs, to read and understand their language. That language is all of decay and death; of earth, the grave, and worms; of darkness, forgetfulness and despair. This, if one cannot look beyond the dust, and see, and take hold upon, the eternal life.

How carefully and purely should we step through the world, did we but read, as we walk, all that is written for our admonition and warning. But we go hastily, with careless eye and dumb heart, taking little heed when we should be most studious. Many there be who have deep skill to read the dark sayings written on ancient rocks, who yet have never understood the plain language of the gathering dust.

A CHEAP MEAL FOR THE HARD TIMES.

To the Editor of the New York Ledger:—By giving a place to the following in your valuable journal, I consider that you will be rendering a valuable service to many families who now find it necessary to economize their slender incomes. I have used it in my own family for some time past, and find it to constitute a very cheap, nutritious, and wholesome meal.

3 1-2 lbs. Indian meal; 1 lb. of suet, chopped fine; a handful of salt; a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix well together, and pour over *boiling* water sufficient to soften the whole mass. After which pour on the whole one quart of *cold* water. Then sprinkle over it three quarters of a pound of flour, and stir it well. Divide into five puddings, putting them into floured cloths; tie tight, put into *boiling* water, and *boil full three hours.* This makes a cheap and delicious pudding, which can be eaten hot, or left till cold, and then fried. Eat with syrup.

Cost: meal, 9 cents; suet, 10; flour, salt, soda, etc., 6—total, 25 cents. This will give a family of twelve persons two comfortable, wholesome meals. Working-men, try it. Yours, respectfully,

A Constant Reader.

PRETENSION.

Many persons obtain a reputation and influence by mere pretension. They pretend to know everything and everybody. By obtaining a smattering of almost every subject, an impression of thorough knowledge is easily given, especially if good conversational powers can be brought into use. But this outer covering can be easily seen through by men of real knowledge and genius. It is but little pleasure they enjoy after all; for while assuming an air of superiority and feeling the pleasure of power, they must feel at the same time the meanness of the deception, and the contempt which men of real character feel towards them.

◆

The Close of a Ball.—What a sad thing is a ball as it draws to the close! what an emblem of life at a similar period! How much freshess has faded! How much beauty has passed away! How many illusions are dissipated! How many dreams that the lamplight and chalk floors had called into life, fly, like spirits, with the first beam of sunlight! The eye of the proud bearing is humbled now; the cheek whose downy softness no painter could have copied, looks pale, wan, and haggard; the beaming looks, the graceful bearing, the elastic step, where are they? Only to be found where youth—bright, joyous, and elastic youth—unites itself to beauty.

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A correspondent of a cotemporary suggests that the panels of the boxes of the Academy of Music be painted green, which, he says, would render the appearance of the place "charmingly pleasing." We go in, with the correspondent, for the green. If the audience is not green enough, bring on the paint pots!

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SECRET LOVE.

The fountains smoke, and yet no flames they show;
Stars shine all night, though undiscern'd by day;
And trees do spring, yet are not seen to grow;
And shadows move, although they seem to stay;
In winter's woe is buried summer's bliss,
And love loves most when love most secret is.

◆

Little Kindnesses.—Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives away despair, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

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An Oriental Proverb.—You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

◆

Receipt for Making a Person Useful.—Do everything in its proper time; keep everything in its proper use; and put everything in its proper place.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Wags and wits are lamps that exhaust themselves in giving light to others. Their gibes, their gambols, their flashes of merriment, their puns, and sharp and pointed sayings, are but as so many swords, which, the oftener they are drawn forth, do but the sooner wear out the scabbard. It is much easier to make others forget time, than to make old Time forget us. The *fetes* to which a man of wit is invited, only afford an excuse to the *fates* for shortening his thread. He finds it no joke to be always joking; his stomach and his convivial reputation fail him at once; his *jests die* because he cannot *digest*; so many good things have gone into his mouth that none can come out of it; and, used up, worn out, superannuated, he is left to digest, if he can, his own indigestions, to be taken by the hand by no one but the gout, and to try solitary conclusions with the grim sergeant, death. An old joke, especially if it be very little of its age, is a sad thing, but an old joker is a much sadder one.

A single vice, thrown aside because worn out, is often considered a valid set-off against those that we still retain. Heaven, it is said, rejoices over one penitent more than over ninety and nine that have never erred; but it is not written that one sin, by which we have been abandoned, is to give us acquittance for the ninety and nine that we continue to practice. Brissot, to whose writings and conduct the horrid French massacres on the 10th of August, 1792, have been principally ascribed, exclaimed, in defending himself: "Look at the extreme simplicity of my life; for two years, I have not even been near a theatre." Of course the man whose morality will not allow him to see tragedies at a play-house, may be allowed to perpetrate them on the stage of real life!

A speculative writer, speaking of the fishes without eyes in the streams of the Mammoth Cave, says that eyes would be of no use to them, and that Nature is always too economical to give what is not needed. But is it not absurd to suppose that Nature, who bestows her rains and her dews in profusion even upon deserts and oceans, would undertake to economize in the matter of a few fish-eyes?

An ex-office holder, who performed his functions badly, boasts in a publication that he "at least understands the four ground rules of arithmetic." No doubt of it. He multiplied his speculations, subtracted from the public money till nothing remained, divided the whole between himself and an accomplice—and, unquestionably, proved himself in various ways the greatest *adder* in the land.

Ugliness is an advantageous stimulus to the mind, that it may make up for the deficiencies of the body. Moral beauty, the reflection of the soul, is as superior to superficial comeliness as mind is to matter. It is a halo which will win worshipers, however unadorned the shrine whence it emanates, for she who looks good cannot fail to be good-looking.

It may be doubted whether vice is so effectually repressed by the fear of the future as by immediate punishment. Jack Ketch often exercises a more potent influence than the devil; for none can doubt the existence of the former, while evil men have a strong motive to be skeptical as to the existence and avenging power of the latter.

A poet who has earned considerable reputation, writes—

"Why sit I silent in this lonely wood
To hear the raven's cry?"

We presume that he hears the raven for his *caws*, and is silent that he may hear.

The general opinion is that the vainest of all birds is the peacock. We think the goose is. A goose, when entering a barn through the door-way, invariably bobs her head to avoid hitting the top. Evidently every goose thinks herself at least fifteen feet high.

Windmills which are kept going only by being continually puffed, bear a pointed resemblance to certain authors. But the latter raise the wind by increasing their sale, whereas the former diminish their sail as the wind increases.

"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers," said a lawyer, "and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn gray first." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains."

We have a romantic friend, who says, that, after reading the poetry of Miss Browne, he is lost for hours in a *brown study*, and that, after reading the productions of "Rosa," he is lost equally long in a *rosy dream*.

Vulgarity of manners may co-exist with a polished mind, and urbanity with a vulgar one. The union of both constitutes the gentleman, whatever may be the grade in which it is found.

A politician in a neighboring city publishes exultingly that he has been called to become a candidate for office. He should not forget that "many are called, and few chosen."

It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same wholesome and salutary instinct.

There are a kind of trees that are very good for fuel, and yet one would judge from their name that they have been burned already. Of course we mean *ashes*.

It has been said that the difference between a maiden of sixteen and a maiden of sixty is that one is careless and happy, and the other *hairless* and *cappy*.

An umbrella is an article which, by the morals of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for that reason, you should lend to neither.

There is no use in forcing a constitution upon a sturdy people against their will. It will crumble away like a handful of mud plastered on granite.

It is generally conceded that political managers and the builders of suspension bridges are the greatest wire-workers we have among us.

We have received a double sheet of a paper called the Plain Dealer. We suppose we may, without offence, consider it a double Dealer.

Why are people so unwilling to buy venison or other game "out of season?" Can't they season it?

CURRENT ITEMS.

A letter from Rio Janeiro to a Havana paper gives an account of the appearance, devastations, capture and death of a large boa constrictor or anaconda, in the suburbs of the former city. The monster first made his appearance in the garden of a wealthy gentleman, one of whose men-servants he seized and crushed. The poor fellow's shrieks brought the whole household to the spot, but on discovering the anaconda they fled. The alarm having been given, a company of troops were sent to kill the monster, who succeeded in disabling him after firing several vollies into his body, and then they beat and bayonetted him to death. The servant was found quite dead and crushed almost to a jelly.

It is said that owing to the great depreciation of the price of cotton, many planters will not send their crops to market, as they would not be able to get for it as much as their factors have already advanced them upon it. Should the price continue to fall, there will be another edition of our recent financial crisis, and perhaps "enlarged and improved" as publishers say.

A negro boy belonging to a planter named Stewart, who lives near Lexington, Mississippi, was eaten by a bear, a short time since, within a few furlongs of his master's mansion. It seems that the bears are unusually and fearfully bold and savage this season, in all parts of the country infested by them.

A citizen of Milwaukee has just recovered $10,000 damages against that city, for injuries occasioned by his falling from an embankment within the corporation. "Oh, what a (lucky) fall was there, my countrymen!"

Over sixteen hundred English women and children have been massacred in India since the commencement of the Sepoy revolt, many of whom were ladies of great refinement and accomplishments.

At Memphis, Tennessee, a Miss Shepherd recently obtained a verdict of $5,000 damages against a man of that city, for breach of promise under aggravated circumstances.

It is said that there are over four million bushels of wheat on the way to New York, and also a million barrels of flour. We should like to know where it is all coming from.

According to the last European news the King of Prussia had entirely lost his reason. Precious few kings have had much reason to lose during this century.

There were as many votes cast in the recent charter election in this city, as the whole State of Massachusetts polls.

A LESSON.

BY ALICE CARY.

Not long ago I went where in the woods
The autumn grieves,
And wails the drying up of the bright floods
Of summer leaves.

The rose had drawn the green quilt of the grass
Over her head,
And, taking off her pretty, rustling dress,
Had gone to bed.

And, while the wind went ruffling through her bower
To do her harm,
She lay and slept away the frosty hour,
All safe and warm.

The little bird that came when May was new
And sang her best,
Has gone—I put my double hand into
Her chilly nest.

Then, sitting down beneath a naked tree,
I looked about—
Saying, in these, if there a lesson be,
I'll spy it out.

And presently the teaching that was meant
I thought I saw—
That I, in trial, should patiently consent
To God's great law.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PURSUIT, AND ITS RESULT.

"*Poisoned!*" repeated the surgeon, placing his hand upon Philip's cold, clammy brow. "There is no mistake about it!"

"Send for Jocko!" the invalid murmured, feeling that his faithful servant would be the best assistant in this extremity.

A messenger was at once dispatched for the negro, but he quickly returned with the intelligence that Jocko was very sick, and had been so ever since dark."

"Jocko sick!" gasped Philip. "Then——O! O!——"

The exquisite pain in his throat and stomach deprived him of the power of speech, and with a look of agony he gazed up into the doctor's face, as though he would beg of him to sift this matter to the bottom.

But the surgeon had enough to do for the present, and, fearing that some further development might be made which would agitate his patient more still, he gave orders that no one should be admitted until he gave permission; at the same time promising that he would attend to Jocko as soon as he could.

After this he prepared a powerful emetic, and administered a generous portion of it. In ten minutes another dose was given, but it was not until the third dose had been drunk that vomiting was produced. In the course of an hour and a half, the doctor was satisfied that the system of his patient was as thoroughly cleansed as could be done by emetics, and having prepared and administered a copious draught of mucilaginous preparation, composed of barley-water and sugar, he got his microscope and examined what had been the contents of Philip's stomach.

"Is it poison?" asked Willett, who had come to see the youth.

"Yes—and a terrible poison, too. Fortunately, I have seen cases of just such poisoning among some of my Oneida patients. The poison which Mr. Lancey took was a sort of fungi which the Indians gather from either nightshade or the strong-scented hellebore. Of all the poisonous fungi I ever heard of this is the most powerful and fatal. But how much of that fruit-sauce did you eat?" the doctor asked of Philip.

"Not much. It had a bad taste—the berries seemed hurt by these foul smelling bugs, and I let it be."

"Ah—that's the reason of your not being worse. Had you eaten a few spoonfuls more you would in all probability have died, for this poison when given in large doses acts rather upon the narcotic principle. It is a narcotic-acrid poison, and, like most others of its class, acts as an irritant in small potions, and as a narcotic in large ones. But I think you are safe now. You may drink of this mucilage as much as you please; and meantime I must go and see the negro."

But the good physician found Jocko beyond all danger. The dose of poison given him had been so exceedingly generous that it acted as its own antidote—like greediness, o'erleaping itself—and, with the assistance of Phillis's copious draught of herb-tea, it had rebelled in its confinement, and left the premises. A little of the same kind of drink had been prepared for him, and he was assured that he would soon be well. The doctor examined the eructations, and found the poisonous fungi present in masses, so that not over half of what he did take had any effect whatever.

When the doctor left Jocko's quarters he returned to Philip, whom he found much easier in body, but very uneasy in mind.

"Doctor," he cried, starting up to a sitting posture, "what is all this bustle and fuss in the fort? What has happened?"

"Pooh! you're crazy, my dear fellow. Sit down and get some rest," returned the surgeon, persuasively.

"Lie down!—Rest?" replied the youth, vehemently. "How can I rest under such circumstances? Something more than——Ha! I forgot. What was the matter with Jocko?"

The good old man saw that his patient was too eager and determined, to be put off, and he finally concluded that it would be better to tell him the truth than to have him racked with suspicion, though he wished to conceal what he could.

"Jocko, I think, must have got hold of some of the same poison that you ate. May it not have been in the berries? They may have grown near the fatal fungi, and become deeply impregnated with its qualities."

Philip gazed into the speaker's face a few moments, and then, while a look, half of bitterness, dwelt upon his pale features, he said—

"Doctor—look me in the eye! Do *you* think we ate these berries by accident? Don't you *know* that they were given to us designedly? Don't you know that James Starbird and his two sons are at the bottom of this? Go, sir—go at once—and have them arrested.——Ha!—here comes the colonel!—Colonel Willett, will you have these Starbirds arrested immediately?"

The commandant, who had come in while the youth was speaking, did not reply at once, but gazed inquiringly at the surgeon.

"Oh! Look ye!" exclaimed Philip, out of all patience, "do you think you can keep a man ignorant of that which he already knows? I only ask you for explanation. Will you first, however, have these three men arrested?"

"Be easy," returned the doctor, smiling, "you shall know all. If I have sought to keep you in ignorance it was that you might not be rendered unnecessarily uneasy and nervous. You may tell him what you please, colonel."

"Aye," resumed Philip, with renewed energy, "tell me. But first—will you have those men arrested?"

"Lie down, Philip, and I'll tell you all about it," replied Willett.

The invalid lowered his head to his pillow, and the commandant then continued—

"In the first place, these Starbirds, like other birds, have flown."

"Flown!"

"Stop—I'll tell you. The old man went on post at the sally-port at midnight; and at two o'clock, when the relief went around, he was gone. The sentries upon numbers six and eight said that just before one o'clock two men came down from the officers' quarters, one several minutes behind the other, and that Starbird hailed them. The first answered—'*Officer of the Guard,*' and the other fessed to be the '*Commandant.*' It was too dark to make out forms, or even whether the men carried anything. I was informed of the affair at once, and upon search we found that the two young ones had gone also. They must have been the ones whom the old man hailed. However, they are welcome to all the information they can take with them. The enemy can't profit much by it."

"Colonel," spoke the sick man, in a tone of rebuke, "do you mean to say that those men were here as spies upon the movements of the garrison?"

"Why should I not think so?" resumed Willett, wincing a very little, but not enough to show it.

PHILIP LANCEY INFORMED OF ISABEL CARLTON'S ABDUCTION.

"Because," answered Philip, again springing to a sitting posture, and speaking almost furiously, "that was not their mission! *Where is* ISABEL CARLTON!"

The youth's eyes flashed, and the great cords of his arms and neck worked like masses of ropes.

"I'm sure that is more than I can tell," returned the commandant, mildly, and in a common-place tone.

"Where is my father?"

"What do you want of him?"

"THE TRUTH!" shouted Philip, excitedly, and with deep feeling.

"Look ye, my dear Philip," returned the colonel, sitting down by the bedside, and gently putting the invalid back upon his pillow, "I had hoped this might be kept from you until you were stronger; but you need not send for your father. Isabel is gone!—Stop.—We have sent out a hundred and fifty men, and if she is to be found they will find her. As soon as your father knew that the three men had deserted, he hastened at once to Isabel's chamber, where he knocked until he was assured he could gain no answer, and then he went in. Old Phillis was there, but so sound asleep that she had to be brought out of doors ere she could be awakened; and even then it was not accomplished until quite a liberal quantity of pepper had been blown up her nose. When she finally came to her senses so as to remember what had happened, she said that the last she saw of her mistress was as she got into bed. She said they were both so sleepy that they could not keep their eyes open. And from the rough treatment which the old woman received before she could be aroused, you may readily judge that her mistress could have been carried away very easily without being startled from her deep sleep."

"Gone!" groaned the youthful patriot, wringing his hands in agony. "Oh! the villain has kept his oath! But tell me—does Phillis know how this was done? how the sleeping potion was administered?"

"She says she remembers of seeing Theodore Starbird in the kitchen, toying with the cook; and as she left her tea a few moments after it was drawn, to see to some bread she was toasting, she thinks the young scamp must have put something into the beverage, as she saw him come from that way when she turned."

"Oh, the villains! Why didn't I take Jocko's advice! By my soul, I'll never set up my own belief, founded on circumstances of which he knows as much as I, against his again! Had I listened to him this might not have happened."

"But how could you have prevented it?"

"Very easily. Jocko proposed that we should engage four more men, in whose wit and secrecy we could trust, and not allow either of the Starbirds to take a step beyond our surveillance. But it's too late now! Oh! have you sent out good men? Will they exert themselves to the utmost, and feel an interest in the result?"

"Fear not on that account," returned Willet. "There is not a brave man in the fort who would not risk his life to save that fair girl. They will find her, I am sure. Thirty of the pursuers are mounted, and fifteen of them have taken one road and fifteen another, while the footmen have gone in various directions."

"But how much start did the villains have?"

"Just about half an hour, perhaps a little over. As soon as the call was missed at number seven, the sergeant of the guard hastened to the spot, and when he found the sentry gone, men were at once sent in pursuit. In fifteen minutes from that time, the absence of the two young men, and also of Isabel, was discovered, and then more pursuers were sent out. Keep up a good heart. We'll hear news from them before many hours are gone."

Philip realized that he was very weak, and that this excitement was working upon him; so he tried to think that the maiden would be brought back, and, resting upon this, he lay his head back, and closed his eyes.

Morning came, and the sun arose, and some of the pursuers returned, but they brought no news of the deserters. However, as they came from the west, there was but little disappointment at their want of success. Willett looked with more hope for those who had gone down the river.

At eight o'clock Philip arose, feeling quite well, saving the weakness consequent upon the shock his system had received. Jocko came in shortly after, looking thin and woe begone.

"Ah, mas'r—dis yer am a dwefful hard time!"

"Oh, Jocko, I wish I had taken your advice!"

"Ya—ya, dar's no use in tinkin' 'bout dat. Your 'pinion 's good as mine, only dis time I happened to be right. Dat's all, mas'r. But whar d'ye tink poor Missa Bella am now, eh?"

"Alas! I can't tell. I fear the men will not find her."

"Dar's no use in feelin' so till dey cum, mas'r. Mebbe dey'll find her. I hope so. An' ef dem intarnal, onconsarned, hypokeipical villains is fotched back, I tink dis yer chile'll claim de privumlege ob takin' holt ob one eend ob de rope. In course, dey'll be hanged."

"Yes—as spies."

"Dogs eat 'um! dey ort'er, dat's a fac. But how did dey p'ison you, mas'r?"

"Did you get any berries for me last night?"

"Me? No."

"Then they did it. The poison was in just such sauce as you sometimes fix for me. But how did they manage with you?"

"Dogs eat 'um! Dey gub it to me in de chicken broff dat I sabed ober from my dinner. Ole Pomp say dis mornin' he see T'eodore hook'n round my locker las' night afore supper."

"Hark!" uttered Philip, as Jocko ceased speaking. "There are horses! They are from down the river!"

With a tremulous step the young man arose and moved to the door. Jocko saw that he was overtasking his frame, and he interfered.

"Wait, mas'r. Let me go. You isn't strong enough. You can't stand it."

Philip found his legs shaking under him, and his knees knocking together, and after a moment's hesitation he returned to his seat.

"They only had half-an-hour's start," he said, as he sank down. "I should think they might have overtaken them."

"Dat depend 'pon how dey went. I 'spose'n dem scamps went jus' as fas' as our men went, den ob course dey isn't cotched."

"But we would have overtaken them, Jocko."

"Do'no, mas'r. By golly for gosh! dem war pooty good men, some ob 'um, what went arter Missa Bella. Big rascals hab mitey long heads."

With this Jocko went out. Philip waited a few minutes, and then arose again to his feet. His anxiety knew no bounds. Weak as he was—almost unable to stand, and quivering at every joint—he would have gone out had not the door at that moment been opened, and Jocko made his appearance.

"Ah, mas'r, set rite down. You is shakin' like a popple leaf. Keep up a good heart, my dear mas'r—keep up a good heart, for——"

"She is safe, Jocko! She is safe!"

——"you an' I may be stout enuff in a berry few days to set off arter her, an' we——"

"How! Not found? Speak—tell me!"

"You is rite, mas'r. Dey hasn't found her."

"But there are others to come?"

"No. Ebery one ob 'um hab cum back, an' not a ting hab dey seed ob Missa Bella or ob any ob dem 'tarnal scamps. Dey went clar 'way down 'yond de Flats, an' some ob 'um say dey went a'most to de Little Bend, whar Pete Gammon libs."

"And no Isabel?"

"No. But when you an' I is——"

Jocko ceased speaking, for he saw that his master was growing deathly and faint in look. The blow had fallen upon the poor youth as falls the last drop into the brimming bucket. Every nerve had been strained to its utmost in anticipation of the news from the returned pursuers, and when it came it fell with a blow that snapped the strained cord asunder, and Philip Lancey sank insensible into the arms of his faithful attendant.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE HEART'S ORDEAL.

When Isabel awoke she felt a strange pain in the back and breast, and there was a sense of tightness about her head, as though something heavy were bound around it. She opened her eyes, and found the light shining into her room; but her lids were heavy, and she allowed them to droop again. Finally she aroused herself, and called for "Phillis." She repeated the call several times, but there was no answer. At length she started up, and looked over to where she expected to find her old servant; but the genial black face was not there, nor was her bed there either. And—there was a carpet on the floor! She turned her gaze about her—she was in a strange room! It was larger than her own chamber, and had square windows. She could not remember of having changed her apartment. Surely she went to bed in her little attic on the night before. Aye—she remembered it well. She remembered how sleepy she was—how she even fell asleep in her chair—how Phillis had helped her up—and how she thought it curious that both she and her attendant should be so drowsy. What could it mean?

Ah—it was only a dream. Yes, surely. She had dreamed things very much like it. So she lay down and closed her eyes again, and, under the influence of the opiate, which had not yet lost all its power, she sank into a gentle slumber.

When she awoke again she remembered her dream, and thought how real it had all seemed.

"Phillis," she said in an ordinary key. "*Phillis,*" she repeated more loudly. "PHILLIS!" rather energetically.

What could it mean? She rose to a sitting posture, and gazed around again. The same dream? No!—This must be real! This is the very same apartment she was in before. There is no Phillis, nor is there any bed for Phillis. There is a carpet on the floor, and there are three windows. Ha!—and from one of the windows, from which the curtains are drawn, she looks out upon stately linden trees, and away upon cultivated meadows!

The maiden's mind had not yet settled into a decided fear, for wonder and surprise were too strongly upon her. There was no such room about the fort, nor were there any such trees or meadows. It was strange—passing strange. She arose and went to the window. She looked down into a wide yard, and off 'to a large barn with red doors. Beyond the yard was an orchard, and by the wall was a great well, with its square curb and long sweep. Was there a seat in one of the great lindens?—a seat high up among the large branches—with a back to it? Yes. And was there a quaint wood-house on a great pole further along from the barn? She went to another window to see. Yes—there it was, with its old-fashioned turrets and towers in miniature.

A faintness came over her, and a deep groan burst from her lips. She remembered the place well. She had been there once with her father, a year before he died, and spent several days.

She was in the dwelling of Nathan Bradbrook!

And yet it could not be. Why—Bradbrook's place was forty miles from the fort! Surely she went to bed in the little attic of the officers' quarters on the night before! But the more she pondered the more deeply she became involved in doubt and anxiety. For a moment she even thought of genii, of enchantment, and of evil spirits. She gave one more glance over the familiar objects, and returned and threw herself upon the bed.

Again, as she rested upon the couch, she felt the pain in her back—a sort of rheumatic affection of the spinal cord—and the pain in her breast. Then she realized the pressure upon her brow, with a dull, heavy feeling over her eyes; and there was a sort of burning sensation in the throat and stomach, also.

Isabel was not long in bringing her mind down to reason, and she commenced upon three propositions:—*First*—She was most assuredly awake. *Second*—She was in the house of Nathan Bradbrook. *Third*—On the night before she went to bed in the small attic at Schuyler's Fort.

From these she went to reasoning upon a few facts that came to her memory. She remembered how Phillis had warned her of the suspicious circumstances attending the advent of the Starbirds; then the oath Guy had taken, and which Phillis had overheard; and then the fact of her strange, irresistible drowsiness on the previous night. Then she soon arrived at the truth. She must have been most effectually somnified by a powerful opiate, and brought hither while asleep. It seemed impossible, but yet it must be so.

However, she had not long to remain in doubt as to her whereabouts, for her door was opened, and a middle-aged woman made her appearance. She was not an ugly-looking woman, nor was she unpleasant, though she possessed a firm, decided expression which amounted to coldness.

"Ah—my lady is awake," the new-comer said, as she met Isabel's gaze.

"I am awake," returned the maiden, sitting up. "And will you tell me where I am?"

"Sartin. But don't ye know? Did n't ye know ye was at the house of Squire Bradbrook?"

"How came I here?"

"How came you?—Why—what a question! Didn't ye come here just as the day was a peepin?"

"I don't know, I am sure," Isabel returned; and having gazed into the woman's face a few moments, she added, in an imploring, prayerful tone, made touching by its deep sadness—

"Come here. Will you tell me your name?"

"My name is Rachel Dowder," said the attendant; "and my husband's name is Samuel Dowder. He's seen ye afore."

"Yes—I remember him," returned Isabel. And then reaching forth her hand she took the hard palm of Mrs. Dowder within her gentle grasp, and continued—

"I presume I am to remain here—perhaps for a long time. Will you not be kind to me?"

"Well—that be summat dependin' upon what ye mean by kindness. Ef ye mean 'at I's to let ye run off, I mout n't be so kind as ye'd wish."

"O—I mean no such thing, my good woman. I only wish you to be kind to me here—kind as my friend—kind as one in whom I can feel that I have sympathy and good will."

"Well—I'll be all o' that, me lady. I'll be all o' that, sartin."

"Thank you. And now can you not tell me how I came here!"

"Are ye daft? Ha' ye coom the matter o' forty mile, an' dono how ye coom'd?"

"I have not the most remote idea. I went to bed last night in Schuyler's Fort, and when I awoke the first time after lying down I found myself here."

"I dono," said the woman, shaking her head, and looking rather suspiciously upon the girl before her. "But them as knows moost tell ye aboot it. I can't. But I 'a' coom to see if you want to dress. Here be yer clothes, as they were brought wi' 'ye."

Isabel gazed around and saw her garments upon a chair by the bed. They were the same she had taken off the night before, with the addition of her hood and shawl.

"An' mebbe ye'll like some breakfast?" Mrs. Dowder pursued.

"Not much. I do not feel well. I should like a little warm drink."

"Anything ye want, me lady."

"Bring me what you have at hand, then."

With this the woman departed, and Isabel arose; and having bathed her face and bosom at the wash-stand she found at hand, she proceeded to dress. She was sure now that a powerful opiate had been given her, and as her mind became settled upon this point she began to realize her situation. She had finished dressing, and had taken a seat by the window, and for the first time she gave all her thought to the fearful change which had taken place in her position of habitation.

Ere long, Mrs. Dowder entered with a tray, upon which were food and drink. She advanced to the table beneath the mirror, and sat her burden down, and then turned towards the captured maiden.

"Mercy on me!" she ejaculated, clasping her hands with a look of terror. "Why—what be the matter wi' ye?"

"Why do you ask?" returned Isabel, in a faint tone.

"Mercy! How pale an' death-like ye look! Be ye sick? Ha' ye hurt theesel'?"

"I am not well, Rachel. I am very—"

All the terrors of her situation came crowding upon her, and she was unable to speak further. She hesitated a moment—there was a choking in the throat—and then she burst into tears. She wept hot, copious tears, and her sobs were painful and deep. Rachel Dowder sprang to her side, and wound one arm about her neck.

"What be it? Tell me, lady."

"Oh! You do not know! I cannot tell."

"Ah—I know," the woman said, casting her eyes furtively about her. "Ye can't love me young moster. Ye wish he hadn't brought ye hither. Eh, poor lady?"

"Yes—yes," sobbed the maiden, "you are right. But let it pass. I shall be better soon."

"Aye—if ye'll eat summat, an' drink o' this warmin' stuff, ye'll be better sartin. Here's coffee; an' here's a wee bit o' warm wine. I thought mebbe ye'd like it after being oot i' the night. An' here's soom nice cake o' me own make."

"I thank you—thank you, Rachel. I shall feel better when I am stronger. But I am weak now. They gave me some powerful drug last night—something which made me sleep so soundly that I never once awoke during the whole passage. Of course a potion which could hold the senses locked up so profoundly must have had a weakening effect upon the system."

"In coorse it moost, me lady. But I'll be up again when ye've got better."

Again Isabel was left alone, and her first movement was for the wine. It was prepared like warm negus without the lemon, and its effect was perceptible in a short time. It helped to revive the nervous power, and awakened her appetite; though she was wise enough not to eat to satisfy it, being aware that the digestive organs must have been weakened by the opiate she had taken.

When the meal was finished, and the maiden had walked the floor awhile, she felt much better. The pain was gone, and only a sensation of lassitude remained.

When she next resumed her seat by the window she began to consider upon the subject of her present position, and also upon the manner in which she should receive Guy Bradbrook, and conduct herself before his father. For some time she could not get beyond the thought that she might be forever separated from Philip Lancey! It was an agonizing theme, and while it remained uppermost in her mind she could think of nothing else. She bowed her head upon her open palms, and for a few moments she cried like a child. The tears dropped thick and fast, and she wept with a sorrow such as few are called upon to bear. But finally she wiped the trickling drops from her cheeks, and gazed steadily upon the floor for some minutes. At length a change came o'er her face. The look of intense agony passed away, and in its place came a firm, but prayerful look, which soon pervaded the whole countenance. She clasped her hands, and spoke aloud—spoke in a low, sad tone, like one whose determination is taken to cast off all hope of joy, and enter into the dark, gloomy way which fate has marked out.—

"Philip!" she said, "Oh, Philip—farewell! Our faint dream of happiness is passed, and the morning of stern fate has dawned upon us, with its sad duty, which I must obey! Philip, we must dream no more! The hope we held is gone, and it can be only madness for us to hope more. I go to obey my father, and look for joy in the world to come. But you Philip may go and be happy here. Forget me—forget me save as a sister you once loved, and who loved you devotedly. Go, dear brother, for never more can I offer thee the love which must henceforth wither and die with my heart—it cannot die while that heart beats! Farewell, Philip! Farewell! God bless thee! God bless thee! Oh!—Farewell!"

The last sad word fell from the poor girl's lips in a faint convulsive tone, and her face was pale as death. Her heart seemed breaking, and her bosom was heaving with the deep emotion she labored to keep back. And she succeeded. The tears did not burst forth as they had threatened, and the rising sobs which so pained and racked the swelling bosom, was quelled ere they could find utterance.

After this Isabel became more calm and composed, and ere she was disturbed by visitors, she had fully determined upon her course of action, and brought her resolution to her support. She had for long years known that she must be the wife of Guy Bradbrook if he claimed her hand; and, as she believed the appointed time was very soon to come, she considered it only foolish to resist, or to even hope for escape. And, further, if she was to become Guy’s wife, what could she gain by being unpleasant and moody towards him? She knew too well that she could never be happy or pleasant before him, for she had no power deep enough to overcome the mighty grief that must ever dwell in her soul, while Guy was the master of her hand and fortune. Yet she could be calm and obedient, and treat him with dignified respect. She could do no more; but even that would insure her against harsh treatment, and lead the dissipated youth to treat her well.

So Isabel Carlton arose, calm and determined. The smile had gone from her face—she whispered to herself—“*perhaps forever!*”—but then she looked forward into the years to come, and thought that, in the fullness of time, God might give her a charge to love and cherish. It was a strange source of hope, but in that dark hour Isabel seized upon it, and it gave her new strength. In that time yet far off, she might have something upon which to fasten her pure affections, and give life to the deep love which, until then, must lie dormant and objectless within her bosom—something which should bear her own image, and which she would fashion for Good and for God!

Hark!

There were footsteps upon the stairs. They were not Rachel’s—they were too heavy!

With one mighty effort the maiden overcame the last visible emotion which her great grief had called to life, and calmly seating herself by the window, she awaited the coming of the visitor. She was not mistaken, for as the door was opened, her gaze rested upon the triumph-wrought features of Guy Bradbrook!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“WHO COMES THERE?”

There was a defiant shade mingling with the triumph upon Guy’s face, but it quickly passed away as he noticed the calm look of resignation upon Isabel’s features, and gradually the whole expression of his countenance changed. He advanced to the center of the room, and with a struggling smile, he said—

“Good morning, Isabel.”

“Good morning, sir,” she returned, unable to hide the slight tinge of reproof which was manifest in her tone.

“You find yourself in rather more comfortable quarters than you have had of late,” the young Tory resumed, drawing a chair out in front of the table by the side of which Isabel was sitting, and sinking into it.

“They are larger and more airy, and perhaps I might find them as comfortable, if I had my good old servant with me.”

“Well—perhaps we can find her for you. At all events, we’ll try.”

After a few moments’ silence, Guy resumed—

“You must have been surprised to find yourself here this morning.”

“I was, sir—very much so.”

“Ha, ha, ha—I don’t wonder. Only think:—Five-and-thirty miles’ sail in a boat, and nearly eight more in a wagon, and yet sleeping soundly all the while. You sleep like the ‘sleep of ages,’ my dear.”

Had Isabel not known the fellow’s character, and hence pitied him for his folly, she might have been provoked to some quick reply by this coarse allusion to the foul plot of which she had been made the victim. But she rather pitied him for his weakness, and if further feeling was awakened, it was of contempt, rather than of anger.

“I suppose you wonder how you came here, don’t you?” Guy asked, as he found that the maiden did not reply to his last remark.

“Yes, sir—I do. It has puzzled me exceedingly.”

“Well—you came in your sleep.”

“But how?”

“Why—my kind friend, who has been on duty for me for the past six or eight weeks—Ha, ha, ha—only think of my having three sentinels posted in the Rebel camp. But they did their work well. *You*, my dear, took a strong dose of Indian hemp—I think that’s what they call it. At any rate, it is something that makes folks sleep finely. You took a nice lot of it in your tea last night. Don’t suppose you mistrusted anything out of the way when you drank your tea—eh?”

“Nothing in particular,” returned Isabel. But she remembered of saying to Phillis that her tea tasted rather strong.

“Well,” continued Guy, in a light, careless tone, “you had a good sleeping potion in your tea, and the result was, that you were brought from your chamber and carried to the river side, where a boat was in waiting for you, with myself and four stout oarsmen in it. Then you were pulled down the stream about as swiftly as a boat can be rowed, to Johnstown, then taken into a wagon and brought up here, and all without once waking up. A party of horsemen from the fort passed us just west of the Flats, but we heard them coming, and pulled up under the shade of the thick wood upon the opposite side, and they didn’t see us. In an hour or two they came back, and we did the same thing again. I suppose you would have been better pleased had they found us and carried you back with them to the fort, eh?”

“You have no right to suppose what my feelings are, sir, so long as I give you no cause for such supposition,” retorted the fair girl, with dignity.

“Aha—coming round, eh? But say,” the young reprobate cried, with sudden energy, “do you mean that you won’t try to run away from me? Say.”

Isabel hesitated ere she gave an answer to this question. She was not prepared for it. But finally she replied—

“I can make no promises to you, sir. You know the promise I gave my father. That I mean to keep, if I must.”

“If you must? What do you mean by that?” asked Guy.

“I mean this,” answered our heroine, promptly: “If, at the time set by my father, we both live, and you claim my hand, I shall not withhold it!”

“*If we both live!*” repeated the youth. “Perhaps,” he added, with much bitterness, “Philip Lancey means that I shall not live!”

Isabel could not restrain the quick answer that sprang to her lips.

“Philip Lancey, sir, is not the cowardly assassin to murder a fellow creature in cold blood! nor could his noble soul descend to the thought of seeking your life in any way!”

Guy Bradbrook cowered before the bold girl, and his frame shook with mingled shame and anger. But he dared not urge her to further remark on the subject, so, swallowing his rage with a bitter effort, he remarked—

“Well—I suppose you think you know him; but it matters little to me. *I—don’t—think*—he’ll hurt me!”

Why did he speak in such a strange tone, and with such marked and peculiar emphasis? Isabel started as the words fell upon her ear, and a terrible fear shot through her heart.

“What do you mean?” she whispered. “*Have you murdered Philip Lancey?*”

“What a little fool you must be?” uttered the wretch, gazing sharply into her face. “Do you think I could do such a thing?”

“Why act the hypocrite, sir? Do *you* think *I* am blind? I am well aware that you would take Philip Lancey’s life at any moment on which the opportunity should offer! I speak plainly, sir, that you may know we understand each other!”

Isabel was fast running away with her resolution to keep upon the good-natured side of her persecutor. But then she found it impossible to rest under his coarse flings. It was not wholly the words he spoke, nor was it wholly the ugly, lying face he wore, nor was it wholly the past, so full of crime and wickedness, as it came back to her memory; but it was all three combined that led her to say the things that escaped from her lips.

Guy grew as pale as his dark and bloated features would allow, and his frame shook with passion, and his passion led him to make a fool of himself, and “bite his own fingers off.”

“Aye!” he cried, while his eyes flashed, and his nether lip quivered, at the same time bringing his clenched fist down upon the table with a force that set the breakfast dishes a-dancing, “I would kill him! I’d kill him as quickly as I’d kill any other snake that I found coiled up in my nest! Curses upon him! He—he—is—a—*he’s dead now!* Aye—dead as the dirt that must cover him in a few short hours! The same hands that helped me to the fulfillment of one part of my oath, helped to the rest! He and his ape-imp are both past all help in this life!”

The words—the look—the tone—all assured Isabel that the villain was speaking the truth! She had hoped that Philip might live to be happy. She had not been prepared for this, and it came upon a frame already so weak and overtasked, both by excitement and by the powerful opiate she had taken, that it completely unnerved her. The terrible thought of Philip murdered—of poor, faithful Jocko murdered—was more than she could bear up under. She gazed into the mad speaker’s face—she gasped, O! wretch!” and then sank down powerless and insensible!

“What a fool I’ve made of myself!” the scamp muttered to himself, as he dragged the inanimate form to the bed. “What in thunder did I tell her that for? If I’d kept it to myself, as I’d ought to have done, she might have been easy and agreeable. She showed a disposition to come ’round all right. What a tongue she’s got! What’s the use? She can talk as fast as I can.”

And having wished that the individual generally supposed to be at the head of government in some far-off, sulphureous region, had possesssion of the poor girl, he turned from the bed and left the apartment, and in a few minutes Rachel Dowder came up.

Isabel soon returned to consciousness under the manipulations of Mrs. Dowder, but her head ached, and she felt badly. The terrible shock her nerves had received, coming upon the prostration already present, produced a severe fever, and Rachel determined to have the doctor. She went down and spoke with Guy, the old man being present.

“That sleeping stuff may have had some bad effect,” said Guy.

“Yes—certainly,” added his father. “Let the doctor be sent for at once.”

Zebulon Beebe was posted off as soon as possible. The nearest physician was at Johnstown, but Zeb had a good horse, and the distance was not great.

In the meantime the old man and his son retired to a private room to discuss matters, while Rachel Dowder went back to look to her new charge.

“Well,” commenced the parental Bradbrook, as he lighted his pipe by means of a small flint-and-steel contrivance, which ignited prepared punk, “the girl is under our hands once more, and we must contrive to keep her so. But tell me how it was all done. How did they manage it to get the girl?”

Guy explained the operation just as he had had it from the lips of James Starbird.

“And young Lancey?” pursued the old man, after his son had told how the girl was brought.

“He’s dead long before this. There was poison enough put into his throat to kill three men—that is, if the Indian told us the truth.”

“O—there’s no mistake about its power. I have seen it operate upon a dog, and I assure you it does the work quickly and effectually.”

“Then he and his hump-backed nigger are dead as can be.”

“I am glad of that, for we shall have no more trouble now. We have tried hard enough, and I should think ’twas about time the work was done. The young Rebel won’t perform any more of his wonderful feats at girl-stealing.”

“No,” returned Guy; and then, after a short pause, he added—“And now about the marriage. When would you have it come off?”

“Have you said anything to her about it?”

“Yes. Or, that is, she said what she meant to do. She said if we both lived, and, at the appointed time, I claimed her hand, she should give it to me. And she was honest, too.”

“Then I think we’d better wait. It’s less than a month, and there can be no danger, now young Lancey’s out of the way. The holder of her property knows all about the arrangement, and if we force the marriage, he may try to make some trouble, though he would be obliged to give up the money. The pinch for which we wanted money so badly is over, and we can let it be until the twentieth of next month as well as not.”

“I am perfectly willing,” said Guy.

“Then we’ll let it remain at that.”

And thus the time of the marriage was set as Isabel’s father had himself set it years before.

The physician arrived about noon, and before he saw his patient, Guy told him that she had taken a powerful opiate of Indian preparation on the night before. He found the poor girl suffering from a slight fever, but the cause of the fever, and the cause of all else of disease, was a state of intense nervous irritability. This occasioned severe headache, and pain elsewhere.

However, the doctor assured her that she would very soon recover if she was careful. He would ease her pain in a few hours, and have her up in two or three days. He left such medicines as he deemed proper, and promised to call again on the morrow.

Isabel saw no more of Guy for four days. The physician came only once after his first visit, and finding that she needed only rest and quiet, he left some simple strengthening and slightly stimulating medicines, and said he should not come again unless sent for. And he was not sent for, as the maiden began to gain at once, and soon recovered the steadiness of nerve she had lost.

On the first night after the visit of the physician Rachel Dowder made up her bed upon the floor in Isabel’s room, but after that the maiden was left alone.

It was on the fourth night that our heroine felt that she had fully recovered her strength. She took tea that evening with the family below—with Mr. Bradbrook, and Guy, and the old house-keeper. Could she have put away the belief of Philip’s death, she would have been far less miserable. She could have been calm and serene but for that, and have conversed without tremulousness or hesitation. But she could not be pleasant and agreeable now. Her heart was too heavy and sad.

The house-keeper to whom we have alluded was a widow lady, a few years past the first half-century of life, and her name was Hannah Gooley. She was a large woman; stern and portly; and though kind to all, yet never unbending to social trifling or little, happy smiles. Her watchword was, “DUTY!” her aim of life was “DUTY;” and her whole care—both in and out of the house, by night and by day—was the same. She lived that she might do her “*duty*.”

As soon as supper was over Isabel returned to her room, and sat down by the window; but it was too dark to see anything without, so she drew her lamp toward her, and opened an old Bible which lay there. She read till nine o’clock, and then retired.

It may have been an influence from the good Book, or it might have been the result of the constant prayer which dwelt upon her lips, but as she lay, her head upon her pillow, she felt more calm and resigned than she had felt before since the moment when Guy had spoken those dreadful words. It was not a hope, but a sort of lifting of the heart from its deep gloom, and a falling of genial warmth upon the soul.

She said a fervent prayer, and gathered the clothes more closely about her, and then sank into a gentle slumber. How long she had slept she could not tell—it could not have been a great while—when she was aroused by a strange noise beneath her window. She started up to a sitting posture and listened. Presently the sound was repeated. It was as though something were being rubbed against the window-sill. Her first impulse was to call for assistance—her next to leap from her bed and rush from the room.

But as she grew more calm, and had time for reflection, she felt a strange hope leaping up from the throbbing heart. It might be robbers, for the valley was swarming with marauding parties of Indians and Tories, who robbed both friend and foe—or, rather, who knew no friends. If it were robbers she might be killed to secure secrecy. So she resolved to be prepared for flight if her fears were true. She arose, and drew on her robe, or wrapper, and having groped her way to the door, she noiselessly raised the latch; and thus prepared for a precipitate retreat, she turned her gaze towards the window, the curtain of which was looped aside, and through which the starry sky was visible.

Hark! There is that same noise again! And see!—There is a dark body between the sash and the starlit sky! It is a human head!

Should she remain or should she flee? Did she not feel sure that her friends were no more, that quickly raised hope might have been stronger. Quivering at every joint she stood there, with the latch raised, and the door ajar. The dark head and shoulders of a man were clearly defined, and he seemed to be searching for the lower rail of the sash.

Presently there came a low, grating sound, and a current of fresh air struck upon Isabel’s face. The window was being opened!

“Oh, great God, direct me now!” she gasped; and her heart leaped as though it would burst the bonds of its narrow prison-house!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A STRONG TEMPTATION.

Isabel was faint almost to falling. She feared to remain—she feared to flee. If it should be an enemy she might be killed, and she might not. If it were a friend, however, and she fled, she would not only lose his intelligence but in all probability consign him to death, for the Tories would be sure to kill him if they arrested him. And yet she could not stand it much longer, for her strength was leaving her. The few seconds that had transpired since the raising of the sash, seemed so many full minutes to her.

Ha! hear that! ’Twas the blithe chirrup of a cricket! It woke upon the still air of the room clear and sharp. In a few seconds more it was repeated. Surely there was but one pair of lips could form that sound. The third chirrup came, and by that time the maiden’s confidence was fixed. She had had opportunities to collect her scattered thoughts, and reason a moment. And that was enough. With a noiseless movement she glided to the window, and raised the sash high up.

“*Jocko!*” she whispered, tremulously, but joyfully.”

“Aye, Missa Bella—it am Jocko. Hi-yak-yak! He come onc’t more tro’ de winder!”

“—sh! Be cautious, for there may be enemies within hearing of my ordinary tone.”

“Don’t be afeared, missus. By de big jingo! I wouldn’t s’pose ye to danger for my old brack head, wool an’ all—sartin I wouldn’t!”

“It isn’t for myself, Jocko, that I fear, for they wouldn’t harm me. It is for you.”

“Now jus’ you don’t be afeared on my account, Missa Bella. By gosh, dey can’t cotch dis child!”

By this time the negro was upon the floor within the room, and taking one of Isabel’s fair hands in his own hard fingers, he said, as he raised it towards his lips—

“I may kiss it?”

“Yes, Jocko—with pleasure.”

“Bress your noble, good heart. I’se prayed for ye, Missa Bella—I’se prayed to God for ye!”

“But tell me,” the maiden whispered, in fearful accents, as though she dreaded to hear the answer, “*is Philip alive?*”

“Alibe an’ well as ebber he war in de world, Missa Bella. What made ye tink ob dat?”

The poor girl could not answer at once. She clasped her hands, and murmured some incoherent thanks; but finally she became more calm, and returned—

“Oh! Guy told me you were both dead!”

“Aye, Missa Bella,” rejoined the negro, quickly, “an’ ’taint no good a’ him dat we aint dead, boff on us. He tried hard enuff.”

“Then he did mean to kill you?”

“Yes—an’ he tinks, I s’pose, it am done. But his man didn’t know jus’ how to do it. He gib me too much pizen, an’ he didn’t gib massa enuff. I war orful sick, an’ so war Mas’er Philip; but good, sly Phillis——”

“O—I remember now,” interrupted the maiden. Phillis told me you were sick, and that she’d been to help you; but I was so sleepy that I didn’t lay it up in my memory as I might otherwise have done.”

“Yes—I war mitey sick, but not a half so sick as mas’r war. I hasn’t been able to be out till yesterday.

“Poisoned!” uttered Isabel, half to herself, with a fearful shudder. “Oh! what a heart he must have. And Philip came near dying?”

“Nearer ’n he ’ll ebber want to cum agin, I ’sure ye. De doctor took rite holt ob him, an’ got de pizen all out ob him, or else he would hav’ died, sartin suah.”

“And the same men poisoned him who brought me away?”

“Sartin dey did. ’Twar dem infarnal Starbirds—dogs eat ’um!”

“O—I shall feel happier now that I know you are both alive. I have been very, very unhappy with the thought that you and your master had been murdered.”

“Yes—I s’pose so. But mas’er wants to make ye more happy dan dat. I hab cum to tell ye so. Jus’ a leetle way off dar be stout men waitin’ for me; an’ at de ribber dar be a boat. I ken take ye from dis yer place mitey easy, an’ when ye is out ob doors you is safe. O—mas’r ’ll be *so* happy when he sees yer sweet face agin.”

What a temptation it was! One simple word, and she could be carried back to the fort—to Phillis—to her kind guardian—to the society of genial Patriots—and to—*Philip!* In spite of her former resolutions, there was a hesitation. Her sojourn thus far beneath that roof had been one of such intense misery and agony, that she shrank from the thought of remaining longer there, while her present wishes were alone in her mind. But the hesitation and the old resolution came back to direct her.

“Jocko,” she said, “I am grateful—deeply grateful—but——”

“Hush, missus! Don’t go for to sayin’ dat. I ’sure ye ’twon’t do. Mas’r nebber’ll stand it. Ye mustn’t send no sich word as dat.”

“But I have given you no word, Jocko.”

“Ah—yes ye did. Yer face spoke.”

“But you cannot see my face.”

“Yes, I can. De stars shine on it; an’ den I can see wid my feelin’s, too.”

“Well, well—you must carry the word I send. Tell Philip— I shall trust you, Jocko.”

“Missa Bella,” said the negro, sententiously, “you know me—you hab seed me many long years—you hab tried me—you would be cruel if you could say—‘Me not trust Jocko!’”

“I didn’t mean that, Jocko. You misunderstood me,” returned Isabel, sensibly affected by the generous fellow’s show of feeling. “I meant that I was going to trust you, and I only said that in order that you might know that it was to be kept in your own bosom, your master’s excepted.”

“I know’d you couldn’t mistrust me, missus.”

“Surely not, Jocko. And now to the matter of which I was speaking: Tell Philip he may rest assured of my undying love. I can never love another. But I cannot come to him now. It would be only madness for me to do so. He knows that I must marry with Guy Bradbrook, if that person claims my hand at the time appointed by my father. And if I must do that——”

“Be Guy Bradbrook’s wife?” uttered Jocko, in real alarm. “O! you don’t mean dat! My salvation, Missa Bella, you don’t mean dat!”

“Surely I do, Jocko, and Philip knows it!”

“He knows it? You be dat bad man’s wife? Whar is your God?”

“He is directing me in the path of duty, Jocko.”

“How you know?”

“I feel it.”

“Ah—poor Jocko don’t know much, but he lubs God too much to t’ink dat any such work ebber cum from his command. Be dat ’bominable man’s wife! Missa Bella—don’t!—Don’t!—oh! if you is a gwine to find happiness in dis life, or peace ob soul in de next life, don’t ye go for to t’row away yer pure self on sich a brack wretch. Ye’ve no right to do it—no more’n I hab to cotch leetle chil’n an’ gib ’em to wild-cats, or pull up all de beautiful flowers an’ burn ’em! Don’t ye do it! Don’t!”

There was a deep, touching solemnity in Jocko’s tone and manner, which affected Isabel much, though of course it had no power to swerve her from her purpose.

“You do not understand my position, Jocko. I appreciate your kindness, but I cannot listen to your counsel. It was my father’s dying command that I should wed with Guy Bradbrook, and I gave him my promise to that effect—that I would marry with him when I was nineteen years of age. My only object in fleeing to Philip heretofore, has been to avoid immediate marriage with Guy, which he had threatened, and—the hope—or, I should say, the possibility—that Guy might fall in some engagement, would free me from the sad bonds. But they will wait, now, until the proper time, so I can have no excuse. No, no, Jocko—I cannot go. Philip will understand it. Tell him they have promised not to make me a wife until the time appointed. “Oh! God knows how gladly I would go with you, but it could be of no use.”

“But, Missa Bella——”

“Stop, Jocko. If you love me, urge me no more. It only makes me more unhappy, without doing anything towards the end you desire.”

“Does it make you unhappy, missus?”

“In truth it does.”

“Den I’ll say no more. I is sorry—I could cry jus’ as easy—easier’n I could stop cryin’. But you know best, I s’pose. And’ now, in de words you hab giben me, what is for mas’r? What shall I tell him?”

“Tell him thus, Jocko: I shall be treated well here. They will not force me into marriage before the proper time. He knows my duty—it is as we have decided. He knows I love him, I shall pray for him—I shall pray for him while I have life and strength left. God bless him! Tell him—he will forget his exclusive love for me in time—he will find some one who will make him a faithful, loving companion. Tell him this—tell him to pray for me sometimes—to love me—to forgive me—I love him—love him always——”

Her voice broke, and sinking into a chair, she bowed her head upon her hands.

“Missa Bella! Oh! good, sweet, dear missus, you won’t——”

“Hush, Jocko;—go and tell your master as I have said. Go—go. I can say no more.”

“But—Missa Bella! Oh! if you would only—jus’ dis once—jus’ dis one time—for Mas’r Philip’s sake—for your own sake—for ne sake ob de goodness ob de Lord—only jus’ dis once if you would go wid me——”

“Mercy, Jocko! O—have some pity on me. You have my answer. Love me—spare me—and go!”

The faithful servant stood and gazed awhile upon the bended form before him, and a fierce contest was going on in his bosom. But finally the prayer of the poor girl overcame all else, and he started up, and placed his hand upon her bowed head.

“Good-bye!” he whispered, in choking tones. “I is a gwine! Good-by!”

“Good-bye, Jocko. God bless you!”

“I mustn’t nebber cum arter ye agin?”

“It can be of no use, and would only serve to make me more discontented and unhappy. No, no, Jocko—don’t come to urge me again, unless you should hear from me.”

“But are you sorry I cum dis time?”

“Oh, no—no. Oh, no—this has been like the rising of a new sun to make a longer, brighter day of peace for me. You have brought a balm that has healed the most agonizing grief my soul ever knew. Jocko, I bless thee for this visit!”

“T’ank you, missus. Good-bye! I wont say no more. I wont ask ye to go away wid me any more. Good-bye!”

He hesitated a few moments; but the strong temptation, or desire, to urge the fair girl further was soon conquered; and he moved to the window.

Isabel head a murmured blessing—then the sound of feet upon the window-sill succeeded. There was a deep sigh—a groan of pain and disappointment came breaking upon her ear, but she dared not look up. Jocko was going—*going to Philip!* He was going to be with the noble ones among the pure-hearted and the brave—and she was to remain where she was!

Finally all was still. She looked up—and she was alone. She hastened to the window and gazed out. The stars were looking down upon the earth from their many eyes of watchful light, and the gentle breeze of night murmured a mournful strain through the leafy boughs of the tall lindens. She put her head out through the open casement, but she could see nothing of him who had just left her. She listened attentively, but not a sound from his footsteps could she hear. She closed the sash, and started to her feet.

“Oh, ’tis passed!” she ejaculated, clasping her hands, and sinking down upon her knees. “Great God, support me in this! Oh! I could not help it. Father—oh, Father—look down upon me if thou canst—if in thy spirit-life thou hast the power to touch my soul with thy will—if thou canst convey to a child of earth a thought of thine—then, oh! let me know that I have done my duty! Tell me—show to me—that in this terrible ordeal I have not sacrificed my happiness in vain—that in this fearful strait, which has broken my poor heart, I have done my dying father’s will! Give to me this assurance, and God shall have the praise!”

She arose, and returned to her bed. For a while she wept, but at length she called to her aid the thought that Philip lived, and, with this one thing to be thankful for, she sank into a dreamy slumber.

When Isabel next awoke it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining into her room. She had been aroused by a noise beneath her window, and hastily arising she went and looked out, being careful to hold the curtain so that no one could look in upon her. She saw Guy and Zebulon Beebe. The former was in a towering passion, while the latter cowered before him.

“Did you not have orders to watch narrowly, and allow no one to approach the house after dark without knowing who it was?” cried the young Tory, fiercely. “I give you all day to sleep in, so that you may be on hand at night. And now look: Here are tracks here that were made last night, and the shoe that made them came from the Rebel fort! What were you doing?”

“I don’t know. I may have fallen asleep,” replied Zebulon. “You may a’ given me all day to sleep in, but if you did you had me jumpin’ for ye more’n two-thirds o’ the day yesterday.”

“Liar!” hissed Guy, at the same time giving poor Zeb a kick that made him whirl. “You could have slept if you wished. If you come loafing around here I shall surely set you at work. Now clear out! Out with ye!”—Another kick, accompanied by a volley of oaths.—“You’ll be on the watch no more for me! I believe you know who’s been here, you lying scamp!”

Thus speaking, Guy turned and entered the house, and Zebulon Beebe stood and watched him as he went. Isabel saw his lank face grow terribly dark, and she saw him clench his long, bony hands. And then, in a hoarse, maddened tone, but yet too deep and powerful for a mere passing passion, she heard him say—

“O! Guy Bradbrook, the day of reckoning is coming! Go on—pile up your cruelty and your foul wrongs—for they’ll all help to make my revenge the more sweet! God banish me forever from life and sense if I don’t drink deep of vengeance ere you pass from my power!”

With this Zebulon Beebe turned and strode from the yard, and Isabel returned to the bedside, and prepared to dress. She had just made the movement when her door was opened, and Rachel Dowder looked in.

“Did you want anything, Rachel?” the maiden asked, as the visiter started to turn away without speaking.

“No—Only wanted to—to—see—if a—to see if ye were here this fine morning,” the woman returned, much perplexed for an answer.

But Isabel understood it. She saw it all very plainly; and she allowed Rachel to depart without questioning her further. She knew that Guy had discovered the footsteps of her sable visitor, and as they were beneath her window he had sent up to satisfy himself that she was safe.

Once more came the wish that she had fled with good Jacko; but the emotion was quickly banished, and when she was ready to descend to breakfast she was calm and collected.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

NEVER GET ANGRY.

It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves him to see that he has been a fool; and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others, too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in the same state of mind as if they were living next to a hornet’s nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything “goes by contraries,” will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the grounds more productive, the markets more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only “in the bosom of fools,” why should it be indulged in at all?

THE SONG OF THE SHOE-BLACK.

I was born—I was bred—in the midst of the dirt,
With nothing for stockings, and rags for a shirt.
I'd never a father, and as for my mother,
She never was sober from one day to t'other.

My "lullaby baby" was swearing and din;
My earliest sweetmeat a mouthful of gin.
Directly I'm able to move on my feet,
To pick up a living, I'm turned on the street.

I'm hungry, and often in want of a meal;
So, of course, I must work, or beg, borrow, or steal.
But work there's no getting, for none will employ
A shoeless and parentless vagabond boy.

I meet with companions—there's Bowling-Green Bob
Good-naturedly offers to give me a job.
Says he—"There's the pawnbroker's, over the way;
Take the coat from outside—there'll be nothing to pay."

I do as he bids me; he tells me, with joy,
He's glad to have found such a promising boy.
And as without money I buy things so well,
He thinks I shall make a good hand at a sell.

So he takes me at once to a kind-hearted gent,
With a beard rather black, and a nose very bent,
Who gives me a shilling, and calls me "good lad,"
And asks if there ain't any more to be had.

The game I continue, with this thing and that;
To-day it's some boots, and to-morrow a hat:
Though less I keep getting for each thing that goes
To the gent with the beard and the bend in the nose.

The game it goes on, every day after day;
But more gets the trouble, and less gets the pay;
That it comes, very soon, as a pleasant relief,
To be sent for three months as a juvenile thief.

When turn'd out of prison—the season is cold—
Of a school for the ragged I somehow get told.
I think that I'll go there—if nothing I gain,
At least I'm kept out of the wind and the rain.

At first when I go there I'm ready to laugh;
I turn off the gas, and the teachers I chaff;
But as nothing their temper appears to provoke,
I very soon find there's an end to the joke.

The lessons they teach me, I try and repeat,
But my want, as I tell them, is something to eat.
They ask if I'll work; I answer—"Of course;
If I'm fed like a Christian, I'll work like a horse."

So they give me a box, and of brushes a set,
And a bottle of blacking—superior jet,
And start me in life in the polishing trade,
By which, ever since, a good living I've made.

And often my memory carries me back,
Comparing myself to the shoe that I black;
I think how the dirt might have stuck to me still,
For want of a little hard work and good will.

So, honor to those who are on the alert
To raise up poor fellows like us from the dirt,
And cause all the rubbings through which we have past
To end, like this boot, in a polish at last.

There is nothing so black, but, if pains we bestow,
With something like sunshine will speedily glow;
And, though deep in the mud, if exertion we use,
We may walk, very soon, in respectable shoes.

THE SISTERS;

OR,

FAITHFUL PROMISES.

BY GEORGIANA HERBERT.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, and—*verily thou shalt be fed.*"

Amanda and Mary Perry were the only and beloved children of parents comfortably situated in life. The little girls were both of active and intelligent minds, and they possessed the gift of beauty in quite an uncommon degree. Their fond parents, proud of their fair daughters, chose a very bad way to manifest their affection. All that their means would allow, and even more, was done to educate and handsomely dress the young idols of the household.

Amanda and Mary were both of affectionate and engaging manners and dispositions, but there was a radical difference in their natures. Amanda was selfish and self-willed, while Mary was rather yielding, and of a most generous and disinterested nature.

Certainly she had much less to contend with, and it was to her much easier to be good, than it was for her sister.

Wise and truly kind parents, upon seeing the faults of their children, and those tendencies which require to be early checked, would have pointed them out to their subjects, and have endeavored, with the most diligent attention, to aid in the work of improvement; but the parents of our heroines did no such thing. Their course rather tended to foster and make doubly strong all that was evil in both their daughters. With Mary this influence was easily checked; for in her fifteenth year she experienced a change which altered her whole view of life, and all its interests and attractions. The fair young maiden became a sincere Christian, and henceforth her best love was not given to any object of earth. She used every means in her power to influence her sister to enter the way of peace where she was walking; but Amanda had no wish for any save the good things of this world. Her vanity was growing rapidly, having abundance of nourishing food. She was deeply vexed that her sister was so changed, and many an unkind word and act told of her irritated feelings. Mary bore all patiently, for she dearly loved her sister. She tried to deal at once faithfully and kindly with the wayward girl who seemed to grow worse and worse as her sister grew better. Years passed, and when Amanda was eighteen, and Mary nearly seventeen, the sisters found themselves orphaned and penniless, in the midst of a large city. Work was sought and found, and for two years the two maintained themselves quite comfortably. But Amanda constantly repined and rebelled at their altered lot. She rendered herself perfectly miserable, and greatly embittered the lot of Mary. The latter kept her faith undimmed and her love warm. She would have been happy, notwithstanding her poverty and daily toil, had it not been for the murmuring of her sister. And even with that, there was, deep in the recesses of dear Mary's heart, peace which nothing could take away. It was not that she felt herself good, or worthy of the love of her Father and Friend; no, no—far from it. Mary never lost sight of her own ill desert, but the thought that was as balm and joy to her soul was this, "I have given myself freely and most thankfully unto Him, and He is ever faithful. His conditions are, *not* that I shall be perfect, but that I shall trust in Him, which I do implicitly."

Meanwhile times grew darker and darker with the sisters. Work had entirely failed them, and their money was very nearly gone.

Amanda sat in sullen silence. To her vision there was but blackness ahead. Mary had been weeping, for even to her things seemed discouraging—yes, desperate.

"I wonder if you'll say *now* that the righteous are never forsaken," said Amanda, as she crept, shivering, nearer to the dying embers. A miserably cold and gray November day was closing into a more miserable night.

"Darkness is indeed upon our path, my sister; but though He *slay* me, yet will I trust in Him. Dear Amanda, if you could only say and feel this, though there would still be hardship, there would be no *bitterness* in our lot; for even if it is God's will that we should die, we lose little to gain all. I am sure, sister, it would be a very sweet and easy thing to die. What has this world for us? I do not pray, 'make me willing to die,' but 'make me willing to live and suffer.' Amanda, if you would only give yourself lovingly into God's hands, neither life nor death could hurt you."

"Oh, don't preach such stuff to me! I don't believe God knows or cares anything for either of us. You say truly life has nothing for us. We should do well to get out of it. Where are you going, Mary?"

"The bells are ringing—I am going to church. Come, Amanda, go with me. It is warmer in the church than here, and we shall feel better where it is light and warm, to say nothing of any other influence. Won't you go?"

"No. Go—go, if you will. I shall not play the hypocrite by going with you. A great deal of good it will do to go there for an hour, and then have to return to this den. I will never go out of here again, until I go for good."

"Well—good-bye, then, for I must go. Oh! poor, dear Amanda, it is as though I had no sorrow but for your sake."

Mary kissed her sister tenderly, and tears filled the eyes of both the poor young girls.

"You are a darling, good sister, and I love you dearly, bad as I am. Remember *that*, Mary—always remember that I loved you. Will you?" cried Amanda, springing up, and eagerly clasping her sister's hand.

"Yes, certainly—how could I ever forget it?" answered Mary, surprised at Amanda's manner.

The latter gave the former a quick, close embrace, and sank again by the embers, burying her face in her lap, her long, rich tresses of brown glossy hair falling like a shroud around her, and her arms folded about her knees.

Thus Mary left her, and went slowly down the street, musing on how she might exert a good influence over her wayward and unhappy, but most dear and beautiful sister. When she had gone about two blocks from her house, she experienced a sudden desire to return, and see if Amanda still sat by the fire. There was yet nearly half an hour before church time—she could return as well as not—and, to make it worth while to do so, she now stumbled against a good, solid stick of wood, that had fallen from some load. Yes, and there was another, though a much smaller stick. She picked them both up, and thanking God for them, hurried home. Amanda had not stirred. When she saw the wood, she looked somewhat pleased, and said—

"Now, Mary, you had better stay and enjoy the fire these will make."

"I shall be warm enough, Amanda, and now shall really enjoy my meeting, knowing how comfortable you will be."

The minister lectured that night upon the duty of Christians toward the poor. He said that it would be a fearful thing to stand before the Judgment Seat, and see on one hand one's tall and comfortable house, with its unused chambers, and its well stored larder, and upon the other the dozen or more of starved poor one *might* have saved, and did not. He said that he, for one, did not want to stand in that position, and he was willing to fill *his* empty chambers with the homeless but deserving poor.

Mary listened as to the very voice of God. It *was* God speaking pitifully unto her. He was pledged to care for her; for she had trusted in him.

"I will go to that man and tell him my story. It seems to me that he will believe and help me. At least I will try to gain his pity."

Thus she resolved. After the close of the services the poor girl lingered till almost the last one. As was his custom, the minister had remained talking with one and another of his flock. Some playful remarks had been made upon his singular proposal to fill his house with the poor. He had sturdily maintained that to do so, in a time of distress such as was then upon the laboring classes, was the very best consecration a man's house could have. Several men had professed their willingness to follow any example their pastor should set.

One man—a deacon—noticing the slight, poorly-clad figure coming hesitatingly out of a slip where it had been waiting, said, in an under tone, and half laughing—

"I think you have an applicant already on hand—probably this is to be the first of thousands. You have got yourself into business."

"Ask what she wants," requested the pastor, of a man near him.

"To speak with the minister," was the trembling reply, when Mary had heard the question.

"What is it?" asked he, stepping out from the circle of well-clothed, well-fed men that surrounded him. "Can I be of any assistance to you, madam?"

"If you please, sir, it is because of what you said that I presume to speak. We have no parents, and our work has failed; we cannot keep our room; we have no food; have fasted almost two days. Oh, sir, forgive me—I never had to ask for help before."

"You hear?" said the minister, turning shortly towards the group of laymen. Tears were in his eyes. His lips quivered. He believed every word that had been uttered by the pale, trembling creature before him.

"Will you show me where you live?" he said.

"Yes, sir," was the glad reply—and he walked out with Mary in the direction of her home.

"You said 'we'—who beside yourself suffers as you have described."

"My sister."

"How old are you?"

"I am nineteen and Amanda is twenty years old."

"And you have no relatives?"

"None, sir. Our parents were born in England. They were in good circumstances and educated us well; but they died poor. We had no trouble in taking care of ourselves until this season."

The girl choked up, and could not proceed.

"Never mind; say no more. You and your sister shall be taken care of until you can take care of yourselves."

"God will reward you, sir—we cannot."

They were now at the door of the sisters' abode. Mary opened it—all was still and dark. The embers were scattered and gone out.

"Amanda!" called Mary. There was no answer.

"Haven't you a light?" asked the minister, a momentary fear of some trick flashing across him. He had with him money, a costly watch and chain, and a valuable set of shirt studs; and the poor were become desperate. That he knew. But the soft and gentle voice of Mary re-assured him.

"If you will stand one moment, sir, I can get a light upstairs."

While she was gone he moved about a little. In doing so his foot struck against something which seemed to yield to his touch. He stooped and felt of the object. A human form—a woman—was she intoxicated? Was she faint from hunger? Who was she? He heard steps. Mary entered with a light. Stretched at his feet was a fair woman's form; her black hair flowing wide upon the floor—her small hand holding tightly a note and a pencil.

"Amanda—sister! Oh! is she *dead?* Tell me, sir, do you think that she is dead?" shrieked Mary, falling upon her sister's body.

"I fear that she is dead, my poor girl. But what has caused it? Was she starved?"

He pulled the paper from the dead girl's hand. On it was scrawled—

"I am sorry, Mary, that I did it; I was desperate from cold, and hunger, and despair; but now I wish that I had trusted God, and lived until He called me. I am not rebellious nor angry with Him *now;* and I shall die praying. Perhaps He will have mercy on me at this last hour. Hope so and be comforted—good-bye, best sister. I always loved you, for you are an angel."

A viol marked "Poison" was found beneath Amanda on the floor. It had taken effect with fa-tal speed; and Mary was alone in the wide world.

"Oh! that she had gone with me," groaned the afflicted sister. "Oh! that she had but loved to go with me—how happy might we both have been."

* * * * * * * *

The pastor took Mary home with him. She was fed and warmed, and made to lie down in a clean, soft bed. The corpse of Amanda was brought to the clergyman's house, and from thence decently buried. Mary had found life-time friends, and the grip of poverty was never more suffered to fasten upon her. A home and steady employment were, before very long, obtained for her; and although ever a pensive, and often a sad look, was upon her fair features, yet the heart of Mary was at peace. As long as she lived she blessed the hour in which she was led to make a friend of the good and dear pastor; and never did she forget that her unfortunate sister had "died praying." In those two words there was a better balm for that fearful wound in her faithful and loving breast, than could have been found in all the happiness that the world can bestow.

"The righteous shall not always be forgotten; nor the expectation of the poor perish forever."

"*Many* are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord shall deliver him out of them all."

PRIDE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Pride is a state or quality of mind for which there is no reason and no excuse.

There is a generous elevation of mind, a noble self-esteem, arising from the consciousness of worth which is *called* pride; but *that* is not the vain and arrogant passion of which we speak—it is not, properly, pride at all. A feeling which must, beyond all question, be stronger in the breast of God than it can be in that of any created being can have nothing in common with that feeling which destroyed angels, and is destroying men.

Pride is the distillation—the very alcohol—of all sin; and its base, and its pillars, and its dome, are nothing but selfishness; cold, insolent, hateful selfishness.

It is surely enough to make one sick to see how men and women swell with this deadly gas, the moment they begin to imagine that they have been gifted with a degree of wealth, social standing, intellectual power, or with beauty.

If there could possibly be a condition in which a man might stand and be proud with some show of reason it would be in a condition of entire freedom from obligation to God for any of his gifts.

But when God has laid upon an immortal creature, who is on his march to judgment, the weight of wealth, rank, genius, or beauty; and with every one of these gifts has added a solemn and awful responsibility, declaring that he will have again his own "with usury;" and that to whom much is given of the same will much be required, *where* is the place for pride. Why, one would say that even the voice of thanksgiving would be choked and trembling for fear. Power, rank, wealth, beauty, are nothing to be proud of; they are something to fear and tremble at; and to cause the soul of him that has them to go softly, and in the spirit of humility, upon its way.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD HUSBAND.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, to vanity or flattery, he will make a good husband, for he will be the same to his wife after marriage that he was before it.

When you see a man of frugal and industrious habits, of the same trade, occupation, or calling as yourself, who would take a wife for the value of herself, but not for the sake of wealth, that man will make a good husband, for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to poverty or want.

When you see a young man whose manners are of the most boisterous and disgusting kind, with brass enough to carry him anywhere, and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself; don't marry him, girls—he will not make a good husband.

When you see a young man who is using his best endeavors to raise himself from obscurity to credit, character and affluence, by his own merits, marry him—he will make a good husband, and one worth having.

When you see a young man depending solely for his reputation and standing in society upon the wealth of his father and other relations, don't marry him, for goodness' sake; he will make a poor husband.

A GRAND INSTRUMENT OF CIVILIZATION.

The boundless and unmanageable mass of earth presented by the continents of Asia and Africa, has caused those parts of the world which started the earliest in the race of civilization, to remain almost at the point whence they set out; while Europe and America, penetrated by so many seas, and communicating with them by so many rivers, have been subdued to the uses of civilization, and have ministered with an overgrowing power to their children's greatness. Well, indeed, might the policy of the old priest-nobles of Egypt and of India endeavor to divert the people from becoming familiar with the sea, and represent the occupation of a seaman as incompatible with the purity of the highest caste! The sea deserved to be hated by the old aristocracies, inasmuch as it has been the mightiest instrument of the civilization of mankind. In the depths of winter, when the sky is covered with clouds, and the land presents one cold, blank, and lifeless surface of snow, how refreshing is it to the spirits to walk upon the shore, and to enjoy the freshness and liveliness of the ocean! Even so in the deepest winter of the human race, when the earth was but one chilling expanse of inactivity, life was stirring in the waters. There began that spirit whose genial influence has now reached the land, has broken the chain of winter, and covered the earth with beauty.

BABY'S RIVAL.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

There are many persons who make a practice of saying to little children, to whom has come the gift of a brother or sister—

"Now, baby, *your* nose is broken; you never can be mother's baby any more; for she has got another."

This is said in thoughtlessness; often with glee; but it sinks like a stone into the baby heart to which it is addressed.

Were one to go to a grown man and tell him that his house and home, and all that rested within it, had gone none knew whither, but where he never more might hope to see them, it would not be a more cruel blow to him than it is to a little two or three years old child, to tell him that he can never be his mother's baby any more. It makes him a poor, frightened little outcast in a moment; and any one that, realizing this fact, can so sport with the feelings of a tender babe is worthy of being promoted to the office of chief torturer in some barbarous despot's court.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them: such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole—"If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

The sweet light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen plainly when all around is dark.

Those beings only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

Genius lights its own fire, but it is constantly collecting materials to keep alive the flame.

Nothing ever touched the heart of a reader that did not come from the heart of a writer.

There is an alchemy in a high heart which transmutes other things to its own quality.

The woman who marries for money is not overstocked with delicacy.

The mind that is truly noble descends not to mean resentment.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

There are two kinds of geniuses—the clever and the too clever.

Those why cry the loudest have generally the least to sell.

He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.

That man who disclaims pride proclaims it aloud.

Ignorance and pride keep constant company.

Men in savage life are ignorant of books.

A cat in gloves catches no mice.

Doubt is the beginning of error.

Covetous men are bad sleepers.

Old foxes want no tutors.

THE BUILDER.

Who is greater than the builder, the builder in the largest sense—the Creator—He who does something, makes something, adds something, whereof the like may, or may not exist? Yes, who is greater than the builder, the Master-builder, whether it be of battlements or temples, statues or paintings, science, art, literature, machinery, codes, or empires. Ah, verily, there is none greater. Supreme among men is the true builder—supreme above man is the great builder—God; He that reared the universe, and the house of "many mansions," not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Great is the true builder, whether he build of perishable matter or of undying thought; whether he be Phidias or Plato, Raphael or Shakespeare, Napoleon or Washington, Newton or Watt, Daguerre or Morse, Whitney or Hoe. As he is greater, more God-like, than those who have gone before him, even so does he enlarge the bounds of art and skill. No standard can measure, no school tame him; he smites his brain, and empire springs to birth; he smites his brain, and the world bows to new sceptres and laws; he smites his brain, and the canvass glows with pictured life, the marble heaves a seeming breath, the temple rises, and lightning and steam contend in toil for man · he smites his brain,

"And into being starts
Whatever is create of man."

Ah, if of each could be said, "he builded better than he knew," what a glory of peaceful master-work there would be. Too many build not thus; the poor mechanics of poor fortunes, their issues well befit their toil. Whate'er their sphere, to build with hand or brain, to follow or to lead, they demean their calling. They perceive not how grand a thing it is to truly build, and they forget that God is the Master-builder. We are builders all of us, on the measure of our destiny. There may be some Providence to shape our ends, but we can hew them rough or smooth as we will. Let us build, then, as well as we can, whether it be our fortunes, our faiths, or our fame.

HUMBLE EMPLOYMENTS.

Often as the true democratic doctrine, that the man honors the work, and not the work the man, has been proclaimed, there still seems to be a lingering feeling to the contrary in the minds of many people. The young, too frequently, catch the infection from their elders. And so error holds sway over them.

Young friends! You must lay aside your false notions in this respect, if you would have a spirit equal to the energies of the age in which you live! It is an earnest age. It calls not for dreams of greatness, but for deeds. It is a critical age, judging people by their individual worth, not that of their ancestors. It scorns borrowed plumes and borrowed reputations alike, and exhorts to self-directing and self-relying efforts, as the road to true greatness.

But, if not sufficiently exhorted and impelled by the spirit of the present age, listen to the lessons of the past. You will find it is told of Hercules, whose name is the very synonym of strength and courage, that, after he had performed such feats as beheading hydras and strangling lions, he undertook the royally exacted task of a scavenger. He swept the stables of Augeas—not with a broom, as small actors would have done, but by turning upon their thirty years' filthy accumulations the flood of an entire river! Having done this, was he any the less Hercules than before?

Imitate Hercules, then, by doing cheerfully and well whatever is given you to do, though in some humble employment!

THE MORALITY OF SOCIETY.

We confess that we have, at times, had our misgivings about the moral progress of American society. We could not well doubt its intellectual and artistic advancement; these are too patent to be gainsayed, even by the commonest observer. But our view of the current social moralities was, perhaps, too much limited to city phases—we may have been positioned here, in the midst of a dense community, living a highly competitive and artificial life, unfavorably to judge of the national body. We shall be glad to know of a certainty that such has been our case. The student of history knows that, in other times, society has more than once witnessed its highest intellectual exaltation linked with the most abandoned morality. The age of Pericles, Alcibiades, Lais and Aspasia, was in the accomplishments of art, poetry and philosophy, the golden age of Greece. Then the courtesan ruled the State. Rome was not more splendid in intellect than when the revels of Apicius and Lucullus vied in attractiveness with the eloquence of Cicero. France was as profligate as she was splendid under the reign of the "magnificent" Louis—and thus England, during the period of the Stuarts.

The things that have disturbed our faith in American moral growth are the manifest departure of our people from the simplicity of the fathers; the corrupt spirit of our modern politics; the slow but steady increase of social castes and distinctions; the frivolous spirit of too many of our youth of both sexes, and the up-growing of a generation of almost mannerless children. Indeed, the disappearance of manners among the younger classes has been the saddest sign we have noted of national decadence. Judging from observance of our city life,—and the life of all our great communities is similar—and who would not come to the conclusion that we have not advanced upon the moralities of half a century ago? Who believes the young of our day are as ingenuous and modest, or that young or old are as simple mannered and reverent as their exemplars of two generations ago? Is it not notorious that religion has more lax devotees; that politics develope more and worse demagogues; that public trusts find poorer servants; that commercial life exhibits greater aberrations and crimes; that crime of all kinds is more prevalent, without regard to ratios of population? We leave the reader to answer these questions.

And yet, when we recently put to a New-Englander—a man from among the hills of Vermont—the question, "Are we not as a people retrograding in morality?" his prompt answer was, "No, sir! It may seem so," said he, "in your cities, where your population is heterogeneous, and of the poorer sort at that—and where you congregate all the sharpers and rogues of the country to help on your artificial life, but it does seem, and certainly is not so out in the country. Why," said he, "our churches and schools have increased and improved in New England out of all ratio with population—and so have general manners and morals. For instance," said he, "I can remember as a boy, twenty-five years ago, when there was a 'tippler' in almost every family, owing to the universal practice of rum-drinking—and when even the deacons and the minister could get tipsy without much being said about it. But now it is as hard to find a drunken man, as it then was to find a sober one, and the minister who should get drunk to-day would be ruined. Why, sir," he added, warming up, "there isn't a licensed place in the Capital of Vermont where a man can get a drink of liquor. Our farmers are all sober men, and so are our mechanics, and we have no idlers and loafers, compared with what we used to have. Cultivation of land and labor of every kind is done better, and with their advanced morality and intelligence, our New Englanders are more thrifty and happy than ever—and thus," said he, in conclusion, "will you find it among the masses of the people away from cities, all over the country." God grant that it is so.

EARLY TENDENCIES.—A WISE MOTHER.

The faculties of young children resemble a troop of raw recruits in the field of battle, who have not yet learned to comprehend their relative positions or to obey instinctively the commands of their officers. Each is full of his own activity and ardor, but the strength and well-directed force resulting from united exertion is wanting—the consequence is irregularity of action, and rapid defeat. A simple but beautiful little anecdote, in illustration of this point, occurs to us, which, while it serves to prove the truth of the remark, will show how easily judicious treatment can overcome the irregular activity of certain faculties, necessary in themselves, and highly useful when under the control of the superior sentiments. The mother herself related the fact to us as follows:

One day, happening to leave some change on the table, near which her little girl, four years old, was playing, on returning to the room she missed the money. It immediately occurred to her that the child had taken it up to play with, and accordingly she asked her where the money was. The child denied that she had touched it, but in a manner that betrayed some uneasiness. The lady, however, took no notice of this, and rang for the servant, who said she had not been in the room since her mistress left it. The mother, now feeling certain that her daughter had the money, and seeing something folded in her apron, requested her, in a gentle manner, to show her what she had there; the child turned away, saying she had been picking some stones up in the garden. How did the mother act? She wisely led the little girl into an adjoining room, where they might be quite alone, and then firmly but quietly unfolded the tightly-grasped hands, and discovered the money. How difficult, in such a not uncommon case, to act wisely—viz., to prove to the child the greatness of the fault, and yet avoid the appearance of severity. The mother thus touchingly surmounted the trial: instead of betraying anger, instead of upbraiding or inflicting punishment, she sank into a chair and burst into tears. The child, instantly overcome by this direct appeal to her feelings of attachment and her highest sentiments, rushed broken-hearted into her mother's arms, and hid her tears of shame and repentance in her bosom. The impression thus made has never been effaced, and the child is forever rescued from a tendency which, however slight in the first instance, might, if often repeated, have become a direct habit.

THE POOR BOY.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but work on. We know many rich and good men who were once poor and friendless boys; and if you are poor and upright, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and addicted to bad habits.

THE SURE CASKET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I had a garment rare—
A robe of cost;
I hoarded it with care
From sun, and dust, and air;
Lo! the moth marr'd it sore,
It charms the sight no more—
'Tis lost!—'tis lost!

I had a ring of price—
A wedge of gold—
But to their secret bed
The cancerous rust hath sped:
It hath made a fatal sweep—
It hath eaten broad and deep—
Look! look! Behold!

I had a precious gem—
A jewel lone;
Close in my bosom's core
That talisman I bore;
How shall the robber's eye
My life of life espy?—
'Tis gone!—'Tis gone!

Alas! poor, rifled heart,
Burden'd with care—
What friend shall take thy part?
Who draw the envenom'd dart
From thy despair?
List to yon music free!
Calleth it not to thee?
—Heaven hath a casket fair,
Where are no moth, nor rust,
Nor thief to mock thy trust;—
Heaven hath a casket sure,
Its treasures aye endure,
Lay thine up—*there!*

AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Many years ago, shortly after the triumphant conclusion of the revolt of Texas against Mexico, all eyes seemed turned in the direction of the newly acquired country. The South, in particular, regarded the wonderful triumph of a handful of hardy, free-born citizens, over the sordid and slavish hosts of the tyrannical Mexican Government, as an ordination of Providence that they should go in and possess the land. Accordingly, several of the States—Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and Western Virginia in particular—sent company after company of stern, resolute men, with their families and wagon-trains of household goods and chattels, far into the interior of their new, rich, and blooming heritage.

Most generally, the emigrating party consisted of three or four families, who designed settling in contiguity with each other, for purposes of self-protection, and with a view to the locating of villages and townships; but occasionally a solitary traveler, one possessing the extreme spirit of adventure, well-mounted and well-equipped, might be seen quietly pursuing his way over the rich rolling lands, to the westward of Nacogdoches. It is with one of the latter our story has to do, but at a period slightly anterior to the fall of the Alamo.

It was on one of those soft, quiet days so peculiar to the central regions of Texas, when the very atmosphere, loaded with its balmy perfumes, seems to incline all animated nature to repose, that a solitary traveler was slowly wending his way over the famous rolling red lands, which stretch for hundreds of miles beyond the river Sabine. That he had ridden fast and far was evident from the appearance of his horse, whose foaming flanks and drooping head evinced an unusual degree of fatigue. It was a day, as we have said, calculated to call forth a dreamy, reflective mood; the surrounding country was rich in all the beauties of that delightful clime; the glorious magnolia, the snowy cotton-wood, the sweet-scented china, mingling with a thousand other perfumes from the blossoming trees and draping vines, threw their aromatic odors upon the slumbering air, and both horse and rider for the time seemed to relapse into a quiescent state corresponding to the scene.

He was a man of apparently small stature, dressed in the style peculiar to the hardy adventurers of that region. A felt hat, with its long, broad, slouching brim, threw a quiet shadow over his bronzed, but somewhat youthful face. His features, though effeminate to a degree, were likewise stern and decisive, and a glance at his small, keen blue eye, would have assured any one acquainted with human nature that he was not an individual to be trifled with, or molested with impunity. He wore the usual hunting-frock of the borderers, and in a belt beneath were thrust a couple of brace of silver-mounted pistols, and a long, heavy, peculiarly-shaped knife, to which he was the first to give a name that has perpetuated his own. Trowsers of coarse stuff, with ornamented buckskin leggings covering the tops of a pair of heavy boots, completed his attire.

The day was far advanced; and looming up in the West were a few black clouds, which betokened the approach of one of those terrific storms which sometimes sweep over that country with a desolating power. For some half an hour the horseman quietly pursued his way, his eyes bent upon the ground, his mind evidently far away upon other scenes, though still feeling the soothing influence of the one which surrounded him. At length he reached the bank of a small stream, where the bushes grew thick upon either side of the road he was pursuing, when, just as his thirsty animal had bent his head to the water, he was suddenly startled by the report of a rifle, and a tingling sensation on his forehead, as the ball whizzed past, assured him how near that moment had been to his last.

Reining up his mettlesome beast, and drawing a pistol from his belt, he glanced quickly and nervously about him, as if to guard himself from the attack of numbers, and then settled his gaze for a few moments upon the point whence the ball had been fired. He saw nothing except a thin wreath of smoke curling among the clustered leaves, at a distance of perhaps some twenty paces; and not caring longer to remain a quiet target for his invisible foe, who might even at that moment be taking a more certain aim, he plunged his rowels deep into the flank of his noble horse, and dashing through the stream and up the opposite slope, soon cleared the thicket, and went speeding onward like the wind.

It was now, for the first time, that he perceived the advancing storm; and aware from its appearance, and the sullen, heavy booming of its still distant thunders, that it would be one of no ordinary power, he began to experience no little anxiety about finding a place of shelter for dimself and beast. He had ridden for hours without seeing any sign of habitation, and the prospect before him gave no promise of finding one ere reaching his destination for the day, which was still many a long league distant.

Half an hour's further hard riding, however, brought him to an old, dilapidated building, which, from its appearance, had served some early Spanish settler; and as night and the storm were now close upon him, he decided it should serve him in turn, at least during the continuance of the tempest. Riding in through what had once been the main entrance of the building, he found himself partially sheltered under a roof constructed by some passing traveler, who had thrown a few saplings along the ruins, and interlaced them with a thatch of brush and grass. It was not yet dark, but the night was fast setting in, assisted by the advancing clouds, which had rolled far up toward the zenith, and long since veiled the sinking sun. Almost incessant flashes of lightning, which descended in livid chains, lit up the deepening gloom, and each was followed by its own peal of thunder, which, with a few exceptional crashes, became one almost even continuous roar.

By this light, and what still remained of day, the traveler could see about his place of refuge, which presented no very cheerful aspect. A few broken stones and other rubbish were piled up here and there, but in one corner lay a litter of straw which, should the night prove too inclement for his further progress, he flattered himself would serve as a comfortable resting-place for his own weary limbs. Dismounting from his horse, he tied him to one of the saplings overhead, and removing the fragments from around his feet, to guard against injury, and looking carefully to his weapons, he deliberately sat himself down to await the issue.

The storm broke fiercely, the wind shrieked dismally, the lightnings flashed incessantly, the thunders crashed continuously, and the rain, pouring down in torrents, soon wetted our traveler to the skin. One, two, three, long, dreary hours passed, and still the storm raged so furiously, that at last, reluctantly, our hero relinquished all hopes of pursuing his journey further for the night—for even should the tempest clear away, it was already late, and he knew that the different streams on his route would be so swollen as to make the fords dangerous. He therefore prepared to encamp where he was; and pushing a portion of the straw together, he threw himself down upon it; and wet though it was—and weary, wet and hungry though he was himself—he felt some little satisfaction in finding that his long uncertainty and indecision had at last come to an end; and with a lingering sigh for his poor beast, which could fare no better than its master, he soon fell into a dreamless sleep—the thought of his late narrow escape not tending to a deeper impression upon his mind than a kind of inward gratitude that his good fortune or a kind Providence had saved him.

The storm passed on, the rain ceased, the thunders died away in the distance, and still the traveler slept. At length, just as the first faint streak of day had begun to tinge the East, he roused with a kind of start, and, raising himself on his elbow, looked curiously about him, with the air of one who is trying to recall events immediately preceding his state of unconsciousness. As he peered about the old ruin, by the dim gray light—feeling cold, wet and hungry—his eye fell upon his horse, which seemed to be asleep; and remembering how long both had fasted, and that their fast must continue until they should reach a settlement, he resolved to resume his journey forthwith.

As he changed his position, however, to spring to his feet, his eye suddenly encountered the body of a man, lying in the straw, not three feet distant. The back of the stranger was toward our hero, and his face he could not see; but thinking it some one who, like himself, had been driven in by the storm for a night's lodging, he first looked carefully to his weapons, and then, moving over to the other, quietly laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Well, stranger, so we are bed-fellows, it seems!"

The man moved not, and spoke not a word.

"I say, stranger," pursued the first, giving him a hearty shake, "I think you must be even a sounder sleeper than myself."

Still no movement—no answer.

"What ails the fellow?" mentally queried our traveler, as he turned his quiet companion over in the straw; and at the same moment the horse, aroused by his master's voice, started to his feet, with a loud whinny. "Good heavens!" continued the speaker, as by the faint but increasing light he looked upon the ghastly face of the human form beneath him—"there is something wrong here—the man is dead! Ha! *murdered*, as I live!" he quickly added, with a visible shudder, as, bending more closely over him, he discovered traces of blood upon his garments.

There was a small hole through his vest; and hastily baring his breast, our traveler discovered that he had been shot through the heart, and had probably died almost instantly. But who had done the deed? and for what purpose? He felt in his pockets, which were empty, and reasoned that the man had been murdered for his money. Such murders were too common in Texas at that day to excite any great surprise; our hero had been accustomed to just such scenes through his whole eventful career; but he felt highly indignant at what he considered the barbarity of murdering and robbing a man, and leaving him to decompose above ground, in a place where it was not unlikely he would prove an annoyance to respectable travelers. In connection with this murder, he thought of his own narrow escape of the preceding day, and argued that his stopping-place might be the temporary quarters of a gang of desperadoes; in which case prudence would seem to advise him to be upon the road as quick as possible.

Accordingly, he turned away from the murdered stranger, after pushing the straw somewhat over the body, and made a step toward his horse; but just as he did so, his eye, glancing through a fissure in the old ruin, fell upon two men coming up the road, whose appearance gave no token that they would prove any very agreeable companions. Both carried rifles, and it was reasonable to suppose they were otherwise armed, and the first thought of our hero was to mount his horse and dash away. But he was no coward; he had been through many a desperate struggle, with heavy odds against him, and there was a kind of bitter satisfaction in thinking that one of these men might be his amiable friend of the ambush. With the rapid decision for which he was remarkable, he resolved to remain, and conceal himself behind a portion of the wall, from whence he could have a view of whatever might occur within, should the ruffians, as he believed them to be, see proper to enter. To locate himself in the desired position was but the work of a moment, and from there he found he could both see the road and the interior of the building, and yet not himself be exposed to a casual glance.

As his horse continued at intervals to whinny, he knew he must soon be heard by the approaching party, and he was anxious to see what effect this would produce upon them. He had not long to wait, for the men were advancing with rapid strides, and a louder whinny than usual seemed to reach their ears, when, stopping suddenly, and looking hastily around them, one of the two, after an apparently brief consultation with the other, pointed his finger toward the building. With this they turned at once from the road, and gliding among some bushes, approached the place at a quick, stealthy pace. From the change in their position, the stranger was now in some danger of being discovered; but as it was not yet light enough to distinguish objects at any considerable distance, he threw himself flat upon the ground, to await the result, and this rather as a man inclined to act boldly, than as one actuated by any feeling of fear.

It was perhaps a couple of minutes from this time, ere the two men, issuing from a near cluster of bushes, glided up to the main entrance and looked cautiously in.

"I say, Bill," whispered one, but loud enough for the listener to hear, "I knows all about it, now; that thar's the hoss of the feller as I tuk a shot at yesterday; and ef he's got any rocks, they're our'n."

"Hush, Joe!" returned the second, in the same cautious whisper; "he's sleeping thar, and there's no use o' our waking him for nothing. Let's go in and do for him, and talk arter we git his pile."

"Halves, you know," said the other.

"Of course—honor bright—you know that's me, Joe; but I don't see no use o' our calling in the rest to share."

"Nary once, Bill—this here's my game. I had the first shot, and I've a right to it; and ef the other hounds wants ary persimmons, let 'em find the tree and climb for 'em."

It was apparent to our hero, from their remarks, that these ruffians had had nothing to do individually with the killing of the man within; but as it was evidently their intention to murder him, he felt none the less hostile to them on that account.

With the last remark of the one addressed as Joe, the two men, leaning their rifles against the wall, and drawing their knives, glided up to what they supposed to be the sleeper. Owing to the light being yet dim, and the body mostly concealed in the straw, they were unable to discern that the man was dead; and determining to make their work sure, and their share equal, they sprung upon him simultaneously, and both plunged their knives up to their hilts in his body.

"Why, hello, Joe," cried Bill, with an oath, "this here's a dead man!"

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the other, adding a tremendous oath, which we will not repeat. "This must be the feller as Tom shot—you know he was bragging as he had done for one on 'em—but I didn't think as how the ugly hound had left him here to trap us with. But whar's the man as owns the hoss?"

"Here!" said the traveler, in a tone that seemed to freeze the blood of his hearers; and as the two ruffians started up and looked around, they beheld him standing in the doorway, with one of their rifles brought to a deadly aim.

He had seen them put aside their rifles, for the purpose of deliberate butchery; and with a stealthy pace he had glided around and seized them, and now had the villains at his mercy.

"See here, stranger, don't fire! We cave—we owns up beat at our own game—and ef you'll jest let us off, you ken take what tin we has about us."

"Fools!" returned the traveler; "do you take me for a common thief and robber like yourselves? Which of you fired at me yesterday? Speak! quick! or, by the living God, I will shoot you both where you stand!"

It is impossible to convey to the reader the peculiar sound of the voice of the speaker. It cannot be described as either loud, fierce, or harsh, but rather as something cold and freezing, expressive of an inflexible will, an unalterable determination. His eye, too—that naturally small, quiet, almost calm blue eye—now seemed to blaze with a latent fire; while his thin lips compressed, and his whole face glowed with the wild, fiery fierceness of the tiger at bay.

"That was Joe, here," replied one of the startled ruffians; "but he didn't mean to shoot at you!"

"No," chimed in Joe, "I was jest firing at a bird, as you rid along."

"Liar!" hissed the other—"and that lie shall be your last!"

Scarcely were the words spoken, when crack went the rifle, and Joe fell back upon the dead man, shot through the brain. Throwing down the piece, the stranger caught up the other, and quietly saying, "You will please follow your companion," he had already brought it to an aim, and his finger was just pressing the trigger, when, with a "For God's sake spare me! I have a wife and children!" the other threw himself down upon his knees, and held up his hands imploringly.

"And would you have spared *me?*" demanded the traveler. "No! justice claims her due—your hour has come—you must die! Your wife and children, if you have any, will be better off without you. Too many such sneaking, cowardly villains cumber the soil of Texas! Had you the courage of a man, I would give you a chance for your life; but a paltry coward, above all things, I despise!"

"I'm no coward!" cried the other, leaping to his feet; "and the man lies as says I is! So fire away, and be —— to you!"

"Who are you?" inquired our hero, touched with some little feeling of admiration for the villain, for courage always inspired him with a certain degree of respect.

"I'm Bill Harvey, of Arkansas."

"Enough!" was the answer: "I know you now, though you do not remember me. You shall have a chance for your life—but you can only live through my death. What arms have you about you?"

"I've got nothing now, 'cept this here knife, or else I'd not stood here doing nothing, while you was taking sight. But ef you knows me, as you say, I'd like to know what you knows about me! and ef it's all the same to you, I'd like to know who *you* ar'."

"Your foe!" returned the other, in the same cold, indescribable tone. "Do you ask what I know of you? I know you to be a liar, a gambler, a thief, a robber, and a murderer, with the courage of a bull-dog, which is your only redeeming trait. Nay, sir, no words! I have no time to waste—I have been delayed too long already. This is your chance for life: I will discharge this rifle in the air, (suiting the action to the word,) and with this knife, (drawing the singular weapon we have before described,) I will meet you in single combat—now—here—and may God have mercy on your miserable soul!"

"S'pose, then, we fight outside, whar we ken see better?" said the other.

"Do you want a chance to run?" sneered the stranger.

"Ef you knows Bill Harvey, you knows he never runs whar thar's a fair fight. I did knuckle down a minnit ago, and that was the meanest thing I ever done in my life; but I was tuk kinder by surprise like, and ef I ever does it agin, to white white man or nigger, may I never see the inside of heaven!"

"Quick, then, take your position!" said the other; and he turned and walked back a few paces, in front of the old ruin.

Harvey came out, with his knife firmly clenched in his hand, and a look of fierce determination upon his rough, bronzed features. He was a large, powerfully built fellow, with black eyes, black hair, and bushy whiskers; and as he stood facing his small, slender, almost effeminate antagonist, a spectator would have argued that the latter could have no chance to cope with him by mere physical force. The two took their positions about ten paces apart, and each fixed his eyes with stern, wily caution upon the other, like two beasts of the forest preparing for an encounter.

"Are you ready?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, ready to cut your little heart out!" rejoined Bill; and added, with a tremendous oath, "I'll do it, too, ef ye don't get skeered and use your barkers."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when our hero darted toward his adversary with a sort of running bound, not unlike that of a panther when about to leap upon its prey. As he neared his foe, he made a feint as if to strike him; when the latter, throwing out a quick guard, returned a blow which, if it had reached its mark, would have ended the contest in his favor.

But it did not reach its mark. With a suppleness and agility rarely seen, even among the border fighters, our hero sprung aside, and fairly turning the flank of his enemy, buried his own knife to the hilt in his back. Harvey staggered, and tried to recover himself, but quick as lightning the knife was withdrawn, and buried in his breast, and he fell bleeding to the ground, exclaiming:

"My God! I'm done for!"

Here the stranger coolly wiped the blood from his knife, and, bending over his wounded foe, said, in that same cold, freezing tone:

"Harvey, you asked my name—I now see proper to give it."

And as the wounded man fixed his eyes upon him, with an expression of mingled pain and curiosity, while the blood, streaming from his wounds, assured the other that his life was fast ebbing away, he added:

"*I am Colonel James Bowie, of Arkansas!*"

"Rather say the devil!" groaned Harvey; and, with a sudden gleam of baffled malice, he added: "Ef I'd a know'd yer name before, I'd been better prepared for the fight. You've killed me, and may my curse go with you!" and shutting his teeth hard, and fetching a long, gasping breath, he turned his head aside and soon lay still in death.

Colonel Bowie walked quietly back for his horse, mounted the animal, and rode away as if nothing remarkable had occurred, leaving the different bodies where they had fallen.

This was his last duel. He was then on his way to join that band of gallant spirits who so desperately fought for the liberties of Texas, and at the Alamo he fell, covered with wounds, and with what the world calls glory.

NOW.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "Now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "then" I will do it. No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *All the back numbers of the* LEDGER, *from June 7th, 1856, up to the present date, can be had at our office, in quantities or by the single copy.*

RODERICK.—The following is the description of "the girl that any man would be proud to call his wife."

Her hand's like a lily—
But just at the tip
It hath stolen a tint
Like the hue of her lip!
Her breath's like the morning,
When hyacinths blow;
Her feet leave a blessing
Wherever they go!

For each one she's something
To comfort or cheer;
When her purse fails her wishes,
She gives them a tear!
E'en the sound of her step
Seems to bring them relief!
And they bless that sweet face
Which speaks hope 'mid their grief!

Her mouth's like a rose-bud,
Just budding half through,
When it opens at morn
Amidst fragrance and dew;
And her heart is a dwelling
Where angels might rest,
And forget their own Heaven
In that of her breast!

WILMINGTON.—The numbers of the LEDGER that contain the story of "KARMEL, THE SCOUT" will cost forty-eight cents. You can get them at any time. You will have to exercise your own taste in the selection of gloves as a present to your "lady fair." The easiest way to decide upon the color, would be to send her a package of gloves of various colors. We don't know who invented gloves. They are of great antiquity. If we follow the reading of the "Targum," or commentary of the Scriptures used by the Jews, the invention of gloves may be traced back more than 1300 years before Christ, for the Chaldean paraphrases has *glove* where the version renders the word shoe, a translation which shows that even in those remote times, the glove was given in confirmation of redeeming or changing; "For to confirm all things, a man plucked off his shoe (*i.e.*, glove), and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel." In Ireland, at this day, when men are making bargains, one may often hear the expression, "My hand and word upon it;" and the glove, with us, as the type of an engagement, may have been used in lieu of the hand itself. With Eastern nations it was the custom, in all cases of sales and deliveries of goods, to give the purchaser their gloves by way of investiture.

BOSTONIAN.—If a lady seeks to get a divorce in a Western State, while her husband is living in New York or New England, she will not have to *send him word* what she is about, but she will have to have the matter advertised in two or three (and perhaps more) of the newspapers of the State in which the divorce is sought. These papers her husband would, of course, never see, except by accident. The divorce would not debar the husband from keeping possession of any property his wife might have in the State where he resided, unless the divorce was obtained for causes which are recognized by the laws of such State as valid reasons for granting divorce, and the husband could also obtain a divorce from his wife for infidelity, in case she and a second husband should live or travel as man and wife in the State in which he resided. If, however, the husband should choose to accept the divorce, and consider himself released from the marriage tie, he could marry again.

RUFUS.—We can give you no information as to the toilsomeness, disagreeableness, or remuneration of the business of glass blowing. It is probably not much, if any, more laborious and confining than other trades. The manufacture is divided into three principal branches—bottle glass, flint glass, and window glass, the latter being subdivided into three descriptions. 1. Crown glass, blown into the shape of large globes, and afterwards opened out into circular, flat plates. 2. Sheet-glass, blown in the shape of long cylinders, and afterwards opened out into square flat plates. 3. Plate-glass, cast on large iron tables, used in the rough state for skylights, &c., and, when ground and polished, for windows and looking-glasses, cabinet furniture, &c. A superior workman could probably make good wages at any branch of the business, as a superior workman in any art or trade always can.

J. S.—The stiff rules of etiquette permit us to make a distinction between acquaintances and strangers in withdrawing from an apartment in which both are met. We shake hands with the one, and bow to the other. But if we have familiarly entered into conversation with the strangers, there is no impropriety, on the contrary, there is frankness and good nature in extending the hand to them also. It is optional. But, for our own part, we prefer frank and kind manners, and we see no reason why people who are socially met together for an hour or two in the house of a common friend, should not all shake hands as friends on parting. At a large formal party it is different; there the rule of formality is preferable.

GRACE wishes to know what a person is to do who gets a mouthful of hot pudding in her throat at table—whether she should disgust the company by spitting it out, or martyrize herself by swallowing it down? That would be a perplexing situation, truly: but the hot mouthful can easily be disposed of while one is apparently wiping the mouth with a napkin or handkerchief, so as not to let the company into the secret. We have heard a copious draught of cold water recommended as a quencher for the hot pudding, but we cannot vouch for its efficacy.

CRITICISER wants poetry of soul; he is right, however, in saying we do not see the sun when we look at it, but he displays a little vulgar ignorance when he says it is only the reflection of its light that we see. What is the light reflected from? He meant the image of the sun. We see nothing—no man ever saw anything. Matter is invisible. It is only an image or impression that we see, or it is only light, and that light is matter no man can affirm without presumption.

A MYSTIFIED READER.—Your "mystification" is altogether unwarranted, unless you confess to an excessive ignorance of your mother tongue. A "dramatic tale" has nothing necessarily to do with the stage, as you suppose. A dramatic tale is a narrative which is filled with startling incidents, artistically developed in the elaboration of an exciting plot, the effect of the whole being hightened by the frequent grouping of the characters in high-wrought and picturesque (or "dramatic") scenes.

A YOUNG WIFE asks us, in a highly ungrammatical and wretchedly spelt letter, to tell her how she can induce her husband to buy her a piano, as she "is pashionately fonde of musick." We think she should first buy a grammar, spelling-book and dictionary, and thoroughly master them, before venturing on a piano. "Young wives" are sometimes much more ambitious than wise, and permit their vanity to run away with their reason.

H.—The only remedy for the helpless condition in which you find yourself, is to take your wife away from her relatives. Once beyond their influence, she may return to her conjugal allegiance. Or, you can determine to give her up forever, and so settle the matter in that speedy fashion. If you have not the nerve to do either of these things, you will have to go groaning over the country, as heretofore.

CRESCENT CITY.—In General Taylor's first annual message to Congress, the following sentence (or one like it—we quote from memory) occurred, namely: "We are at peace with all the world, and continue to cherish relations of amity with the *rest of mankind*;" and hence the oft-quoted phrase to which you refer, "all the world and the rest of mankind."

LILLIE.—Keep perfectly quiet, and do nothing to win back the truant. You will soon get over your "great grief," notwithstanding you now consider your case incurable and inconsolable. The human heart is the toughest muscle known to anatomists and physiologists, and it seldom breaks, even though it be subjected to the most extraordinary tests.

LUDWIG.—We cannot furnish catalogues of "entertaining and instructive books." You must look about the "library" to which you are a subscriber, and choose for yourself. Besides, we do not know what your taste is—whether you prefer history, biography, romance, or works on science and art.

MALCOM, Harrisburgh.—East Broadway, Ann street, and Vesey street, all "run into Broadway between the Astor House and the Museum." Trinity Church was over eight years in building, and its spire is the highest in the city. It is over three miles from Courtlandt street to the Crystal Palace.

H. F.—A foul breath arises from a foul stomach, or some other internal disorder. Nothing will eradicate it but a judicious course of dieting; and perhaps some medical prescriptions may be necessary. All the quack nostrums are useless, and many of them positively hurtful.

SYLVANUS SENIOR.—It is the privilege of the lady (except among intimate friends) to salute an acquaintance first in the street, and under such circumstances a gentleman should not intrude himself upon the notice of a lady, until she has given him a sign of recognition.

JAMES B. W.—The conclusion of the thrilling story of "LADY CLAUDINE; or, *The Double Marriage*," is given in the LEDGER of Nov. 14th.

BROOKLYN.—Your plan is a good one. Put an advertisement stating what you wish in one of the daily papers.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*